

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 373.]

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1876.

[VOL. XV.

ABOUT LONDON.

VI.

THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

WERE I a great man, a powerful man, a leader among my fellows, the prototype, we'll say, of that rare and magnificent genius, M. le Baron Haussmann, I should desire to take municipal governments

piece of evidence of how by a little thinking, and then acting, and by a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together, some acres of reeking, black, pestiferous mud have been reclaimed from the shores of a slimy

mous public utility." All this represents activity, and integrity, and attention to public duty, on the part of Messieurs the Municipal Governors of the English metropolis. It speaks of power well bestowed and properly



STEAMBOAT LANDING-PLACE, THAMES EMBANKMENT.

by the arm, as it were, and to show them the Thames Embankment. I should like, confidentially, to give them that close pressure of the arm betokening cordiality and friendship, and to whisper into their ear: "See here! Look at this grand and solid structure, this wonderful pile of usefulness, this remarkable

river, and changed, in the space of a few years, from an ague-and-fever-breeding bed into a superb terrace of the noblest proportions, with long, well-made roadways, and broad pavements fringed with gardens of the most charming description—into one of the great main thoroughfares of London of enor-

wielded. It means, in a few words, that the people represented have been properly represented; that their taxes have been administered to the greatest advantage; and that the people themselves have received full return for their money expended, in the shape of a public work of real grandeur and beau-

ty, of vast usefulness, as will by-and-by be shown, and offering attractions to the overcrowded, laboring poor of inner London such as are to be found in no single other section of the great capital. One has only to walk in the gardens at the foot of Charing Cross Bridge on a bright morning of early summer to realize how much happiness and pleasure the Thames Embankment has conferred upon the thousands of London. Here you are in the very centre of overcrowded business London, where it seems next to impossible to inhale fresh air, or to catch a glimpse of a flower, or a shrub, or a plot of green grass, because of the density of the atmosphere, rendered, if possible, more dense by the choking dust from thousands of carriage-wheels and tens of thousands of pedestrians. It is a good two miles' walk to Hyde Park, and the Mall in St. James's Park does not afford much change from the ordinary macadamized roadway. Trafalgar Square is doubtless very beautiful to the experienced eye of the architect; but it does not appeal with any special degree of warmth to the senses of the waifs from St. Giles's, or the strays from the narrow streets of Clare Market.

Where shall the children from such places—the poor, poverty-stricken, pale-faced little children of still more pale-faced, hard-worked, wretched-looking mothers—reach a spot hard by their dwellings where they may breathe fresh, health-giving air, loaded with the fragrance of the mignonette and violet, and cooled with the freshening breezes of Father Thames, the purified, and have their sight gladdened, at the same time, by plots of emerald-green grass, and beds of pretty and carefully-arranged flowers? Where shall the poor of inner London find such a spot within ten minutes' walk of their dwellings? In the gardens at Charing Cross and elsewhere from point to point on the Thames Embankment. In these green inclosures, in the mornings and evenings of summer, and upon the broad walks of the Embankment itself, the children of the laboring poor—the poor who are to be found in thick layers, layer upon layer, between the Strand on one side and Tottenham Court Road on the other—gambol and frolic about and amuse themselves as if there had been no such thing as human misery and no such places as the Seven Dials and Clare Market in existence—and all this, thanks to the thoughtfulness, and I was about to write honor—for, after all, honor is very much involved in so apportioning the expenditure of public money upon public works that the rich and poor shall share and share alike in the advantages sought after—this, thanks to the thoughtfulness and prevailing spirit of honor marking the transactions of the Metropolitan Board of Works of London, who seem to have written across every scheme presented to them for embanking the river Thames: "Public utility, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number." This was to be the standard for all competitors, and, unless they came well within it, all their engineering skill, and all their genius, availed them nothing.

It is not to be claimed for the Thames

Embankment that it is a Paris boulevard. It lacks that symmetry and elegance begotten of well-arranged trees and evenly-built houses which lend such inexpressible charms to the great main thoroughfares of the French city; but as examples of grand and substantial granite buildings, turned to enormous advantage, the broad and splendid terraces skirting the Thames from Blackfriars to Westminster, from Pimlico to Chelsea Bridge, and from Lambeth to Westminster, will stand alone and matchless. In this paper it is intended to give a brief account of the origin and structure of the Embankment, with such matters of interest as may suggest themselves bearing on the technical part of our subject, and then to take the reader, if he will, a walk from Old Chelsea Church in the west, by way of the Embankment, to Blackfriars Bridge in the east, showing him the while what vast changes have taken place "About London" during the past decade of the century.

Sir Christopher Wren had a forefinger in the great pie of suggestions which from time to time have been raised providing for the embanking of the river Thames. The plan which the great man extracted, however, was not examined with microscopic care by the government of his day, and soon it was pitched away, along with Wren's other plans, to be smothered inches deep in dust in the muniment-room of St. Paul's Cathedral. Gentle Master Evelyn, a man of brains, scholar, gossip, and what not, had his plan, too. He would have employed rubbish in filling up the shore of the river to low-water mark from the Tower to the Temple, and "so forming an ample quay, if it could be done without increasing the rapidity of the stream." Vested interests grew up so thickly around Mr. Evelyn's plan that perforce he abandoned it with very little ado. Sir Frederick French had his plan; John Martin, the painter, had his; Sir Charles Barry and Mr. Page, C. E., theirs; and so, from time to time during the past fifty years, have any number of distinguished engineers had their plans. But none were accepted. The government, in 1862, after it had discussed and rediscussed the subject until it was worked threadbare, relegated the whole matter to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and bestowed upon them powers and money sufficient to begin the great work. Under the superintendence of Sir J. W. Bazalgette, their engineer, it was commenced, and under his superintendence it was finished. The Embankment is in three divisions—given above. The first, from Blackfriars to Westminster, is known as "The Victoria Embankment"; the second, from Pimlico to Chelsea, has no special title of honor prefixed to it; the third, from Lambeth to Westminster, is called "The Albert Embankment."

A full description of the first division will be sufficient for all the purposes of this paper. Following in an even line the general curve of the river, the Victoria Embankment is about a mile and a quarter in length, and of a width of a hundred feet throughout. The carriage-way is sixty-four feet wide; the foot-way on the land-side sixteen feet, and that on the river-side twenty feet, plant-

ed with trees equidistant from each other twenty feet. On the river-side the foot-way is bounded by a moulded granite parapet, three and a half feet high, and on the land-side partly by walls and partly by cast-iron railings. Between the bridges, and at the bridges themselves, are landing-places and steamboat-piers of imposing appearance, and at certain intervals of space are grand structures of granite, intended as pedestals for colossal groups of river-gods. The Embankment wall itself presents a slightly concave surface, which is plain from the base to mean high-water level, and is ornamented above that level by mouldings stopped at intervals of about seventy feet by plain blocks of granite bearing lamp-standards of cast-iron, richly ornamented and relieved on the river-face by bronze lions' heads carrying mooring-rings. At the Westminster end is a wide and noble flight of steps opposite the Houses of Parliament. At Blackfriars the incline is gradual to the level of the river-bridge. Here the Embankment terminates in a grand thoroughfare, the first principal feature of which, as the eye reaches across the road, is the new Times office, and this thoroughfare, known as Queen Victoria Street, ends at the Mansion House; so that nowadays a person may walk, without fear of being pushed and hustled off the pavement by the London crowd, in one continuous clear pathway from Westminster to the Bank of England. And those who read this paper, having traveled the old route by the Strand and Fleet Street and Cheapside in the days gone by, will know what a great relief this must be to the nervous and overstrained wayfarer.

Sir J. Bazalgette states, when laying his designs for the Embankment of this side of the Thames before the Board of Works, that the first point to which he directed his attention was the depth and character of the requisite foundations, and the mode of constructing them and the Embankment wall. These points he determined by borings in the bed of the river along the line of the Embankment down to the London clay—from these a longitudinal section was made of the substratum of the river under the Embankment wall. This section discovered the fact that the river mud and sand averaged about seven feet in depth; below this a bed of gravel overlying the London clay, and averaging from fifteen to twenty-five feet in thickness; and the London clay was reached at a depth of about forty-two feet below Trinity high-water mark. Sir J. Bazalgette's opinion was that a sufficiently solid foundation for the Embankment wall could be obtained upon the lower portion of the bed of gravel, at a depth of about fourteen feet below low-water mark, and ten feet above the London clay, or about the depth of the bottom of the deep-water channel of the river in mid-stream. His method of getting in the foundations was (by excavating within them) to sink a connected line of iron caissons, and to fill them with Portland cement concrete to within six feet of low water. At this depth, and upon the concrete, was built the brick, granite-faced Embankment wall. The caissons were so constructed as to form a full-tide dam, and the work was carried on in short lengths,

so that the upper portion above low water could be removed as each section was completed, and employed in the formation of an adjoining length. In this way the iron-work was not wasted, and was available for other purposes after the whole work was completed. This method had the merit of being rapid, safe, and economical, and its success was practically exemplified in the comparatively short space of time it took to build the Victoria Embankment. It was begun in February, 1864, and completed in July, 1870.

And here it is proper to explain that the Embankment has a great deal to do with the wonderful main drainage system of London—that wonderful system of sewerage which includes some seventy miles of intercepting sewers (varying in size from twelve feet by nine and a half feet to three feet by two feet) within its area, and has, in connection with it, pumping-stations, reservoirs, river-walls, overflowing weirs, and other numerous works, which cost the English people in all, say, fifteen millions and a quarter in our American money. A description of these works was fully given by the writer of the present paper in a series of articles which appeared in this JOURNAL, treating of "Municipal London." Within the Embankment wall, and forming a portion of its structure, is what is known as the "low-level intercepting sewer," forming an integral portion of the great drainage system. Above this is a subway for gas and water pipes, the dimensions of the subway being seven feet six inches in height and nine feet in width; the diameter of the sewer varying from seven feet nine inches to eight feet three inches. And it may give the reader some conception of the vast advantages which a section at least of the London tradesmen—and these by no means the least influential of them—gained by the building of the Embankment, when the writer informs him that the original scheme for tunneling the Strand and Fleet Street for this one sewer alone would have resulted in the almost total destruction of the trade of these streets. The shopkeepers declared so themselves. The distance between each shaft of the street-tunnel would have been about a quarter of a mile; the progress in tunneling about one foot in length per day—thus requiring more than two years for the cutting and carrying away! Imagine the pavements of Broadway to be up for the space of two years, and the reader may then estimate the truth of what the writer has written, namely, that the Embankment of the Thames—along one part of it, at least—that at present under discussion—has the merit of being "a wonderful pile of usefulness." Its object is threefold: It serves as a most effective and economic relief to the overcrowded streets of London by the formation of a wide thoroughfare; it has vastly improved the navigation of the river, and in a manner freed it from pollution; and it has rendered good service to the thrifty citizens of the Strand and Fleet Street by preventing the unpleasant necessity of shaking the foundations of their houses (in more senses than one) by the passing of the great sewer under the roadways. In Amer-

ican specie the total cost of the Embankment was in excess of six million dollars, and the purchase of property came to about two and a quarter millions more. For those interested in figures it may be mentioned that the total area of the land reclaimed from the river amounts to thirty-seven and a half acres. Of this, nineteen acres are devoted to carriage and foot ways, eight are laid out in gardens, and the remainder is turned to profitable account by various proprietors along the line for the public good.

With your leave, good reader, let us to Chelsea Old Church, and in the mind's eye pass down the foot-way of the Embankment, from immediately opposite, to that venerable ecclesiastical relic of Tudor times. A charming little piece of "Old Chelsea" is this that comes within view—a piece of real old Chelsea fixed in a setting of magnificent modern manufacture; the sixteenth century on one side, the nineteenth on the other. Under the porch of that old church have passed, in days of yore, some of the most famous of England's nobility. Hard by to it was the home of the wise and good Sir Thomas More. In the little church he worshiped for many years with his family. And passing by it he went on his way to the Tower and the scaffold. His body lies buried in the chancel. The houses adjoining the church are some of the best-preserved specimens extant of the architecture of Elizabeth's times. Queen Bess herself, indeed, spent much of her youth within stone's-throw of where we are standing, and she would have spent more of it, at least so reports tradition, but that my Lord High Admiral Seymour, the husband of Queen Catharine Parr, in whose house she was staying, cast such a loving eye on his charge that her removal to less compromising quarters was deemed advisable. Looking across the road, it needs no great stretch of the imagination to be back at once to the days when Chelsea was in its glory. In and out of those houses, brushing the steps with their monstrous skirts of satin, have passed belles without number. Patched and gloved, scented and powdered, toying with fans painted after the fashion of Watteau, they have lingered at the doors of their sedan-chairs, while lovers, in gorgeous coats of silver and blue satin, bewigged, and hat in hand, have retailed the last and most scandalous piece of gossip of the town. Ranelagh threw its charms around the old place. The wits came to it—to the coffee-house of one Salter, surnamed Don Saltero. Richard Cromwell, one time Protector of England, passed much of his time here. And so did Dryden, and Boyle, and Locke, the famous Bishop Atterbury, and Addison. Smollet wrote some of his works in a back-street from Cheyne Walk. And the learned Sir Hans Sloane, the originator, he might be called, of the British Museum, lived his whole life here. The Botanic Gardens, marked by a magnificent cedar—planted, by-the-way, in 1683—a little to your right, was his gift to the Apothecaries' Company of London for the purpose of growing herbs and roots fit for medicine for man. These gardens are most curious from their venerable associations, and are well worth your visiting, Master

Reader, should you ever walk this Embankment by yourself.

Moving on a little, taking note of the green lawns, and shrubberies, and cricket-ground of Battersea Park across the river, soon we stand fronting that noble habitation, Chelsea Hospital. There is little to tell of Chelsea Hospital but what has been told already. Architecturally it is a large building, with a centre and two wings of red brick with stone drapings, facing the Thames, and shows more effect with less means than any other of Wren's buildings. In front of us is the broad walk, fringed on either side by flower-beds and trimly-kept grass-plots. This walk terminates in a grand flight of stone steps leading to the quadrangle of the hospital, which is defended by sundry rows of field-pieces and cannon, doubtless taken, as all England's show-cannon seem to have been taken, from the French. The obelisk, with the bursting grenade of gold-work immediately at the foot of the walk, is a monument to the officers and men of one of the regiments of the line cut to pieces at Chillianwallah. The Merry Monarch laid the first stone of the building in person in March, 1682, but not under the influence of Mistress Gwynne, as some supposed. One has a feeling of remorse in robbing the kind-hearted but misled Nelly of a small morsel of what should redound to her credit; but the pretty actress had nothing whatever to do with creating this asylum for decayed veterans. Sir Stephen Fox, the first paymaster-general of the forces, was the real instigator of the charity. He persuaded King Charles to give the land, which was his, and Fox found the money for the building. Sir Christopher Wren gave his services as architect, and drew up some rules for governing the establishment. Battle-flags in goodly number hang in the hall and chapel, trophies of fights from Blenheim to Inkermann; and in the burial-ground out yonder rest the ashes of veterans from the days of the great Marlborough to the days of the famous Wellington. Chelsea has an old-fashioned military flavor about it which is very suggestive, and by no means displeasing to the admirers of those excellent fellows, my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim.

Worthy of notice is the suspension-bridge at Battersea: a trifle ornate, perhaps, but very graceful and pretty, and a charming relief from the inconvenient timber bridges crossing the Thames at Chelsea. Whether out of compliment alone, or from motives of economy, it is impossible to say—but it may be whispered in the ear as a matter worth noting that the great lamps on the pinnacles of the bridge are only lighted when her majesty the queen is in town; and, though she may only rest at Buckingham Palace but for the evening, still the lamps are lighted, let us hope from a pure and unadulterated motive of simple loyalty. Just across the bridge "Old Nosey," as the vulgar herd used to call his grace of Wellington, fought the famous duel with the Earl of Winchelsea; and in the churchyard of the old church, whose spire we may see in the distance, lies buried the man who furnished

Pope with the argument of the "Essay on Man," Lord Bolingbroke, the politician and philosopher.

There is little to attract the attention on the Embankment from Battersea to Pimlico, or from Pimlico to Vauxhall. Here and there we find relics of old times: a side-scene from Marryat's "Jacob Faithful," or a glimpse of Mr. Wemmick's cottage as drawn by Mr. Dickens; little terraces with green, bright-green verandas, and strips of gardens built over with miniature rockeries and sundry doll-like summer-houses; places where superannuated Thames "bargees" lie up in ordinary with their faithful Susans, spending their time between painting the verandas and garden-palings emerald green and drinking "queen's own," by which is meant rum, at the King William IV. public-house at the corner. The river flows lazily along in front of the house, and in the summer days, when the solitary old elm-tree puts forth a few leaves, and the tables are laid out in front, the "bargees" sit out in the open air, and with their friends smoke "long clays," and between puffs tell wondrous tales of "minding the time" when ladies and other folk rowed across that "werry ferry" where they are now standing to Vauxhall Gardens, to the old jollifications that we have read about.

Heigh-ho! What sad changes, good Master Reader, we experience in the brief space of half a century! Vauxhall is gone, and the old race of Thames "bargees" are fast becoming extinct as mummies. Lucky that we have a record of their doings in the inimitable, just-mentioned novel of Captain Marryat.

From Vauxhall to Westminster the walk is dreary and unprofitable. The great penitentiary at Millbank stands grim and ugly, the prominent feature of this portion of the Embankment. No need to describe it. Let us pass on. Here we are at the Houses of Parliament—splendid and gorgeous with gilding, magnificent reminders of those grand civic palaces of the Low Countries whereof the town-halls of Ghent, and Louvain, and Brussels, are the foremost representatives. Crossing by the subway under Westminster Bridge, we are again on the Embankment; and here we come upon the first of the pleasant pleasure-gardens which, as we have said, dot the Embankment here and there. In its rear are many houses of note, and all of historical importance, but a description of which does not properly come within the scope of this article. As we journey on toward Blackfriars we pass the town mansion of the Duke of Buccleugh and the house of Mr. Disraeli; in the distance, the Chapel Royal of Whitehall and the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police at Scotland Yard. By-and-by we are at the foot of the far-famed precincts of the Savoy, and soon, on our left, is the grandest pile of buildings in all London, Somerset House. From its noble, balustraded terrace, the writer, some ten years ago, saw the first pile of the coffer-dam for the Embankment driven into the shores of the river. Originally used for the departments of the Admiralty, Somerset House is now occupied by the Wills and Probate Office, the Inland

Revenue and Board of Audit Offices. The curious in such matters may view some rare old original wills in the Probate Office, dating from as far back as 1483, and including within their number Shakespeare's, Milton's, Sir Isaac Newton's, Burke's, Dr. Johnson's, Pitt's, Nelson's, Wellington's, and a host of others.

And here it becomes necessary to say, "*Au revoir*." The Temple Gardens are within sight, and but a score or two yards farther on is Blackfriars, our destination. The Embankment abounds in interesting reminiscences of by-gone days; but our duty being fulfilled, so far as was within our power, very reluctantly we say, "Adieu till we meet again."

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

COSIMA AND SUNTA; AN ARTIST'S STORY.

IN Pisa I made the acquaintance of a young Swedish architect named Gustav Runeberg.

We lived in the same hotel, and after the "Foreign Colony," which during the winter months peoples the Lung Arno, had fled from the approaching hot season, we were thrown more than ever into each other's society.

We usually took our dinner together, toward evening, and then sauntered out on the quay, before the Porta alle Piagge, to look at the languishing Juno eyes and pretty faces of the Pisa girls.

At a tolerably early hour one Sunday morning my friend came into my room and asked if I had any special plan for the day.

I answered in the negative.

"Good! Then come with me to Leghorn. We can spend the day over there and return with the last train. I feel Pisa-tired to-day, and long for a change of scene, if it is only for a few hours."

"Is there anything special to see in Leghorn?"

"No; nothing that I know of but the harbor."

"What time shall we start?"

"There will be a train in twenty minutes. Can you be ready?"

"Certainly. And you?"

"I? I can be ready in two minutes. You shall see."

He returned to his room and exchanged his dressing-gown for an elegant new walking-suit that was exceedingly becoming. As he reentered my room I thought to myself it was not strange that the young women of the neighborhood were attracted by the "blond signore."

In another quarter hour we were steaming toward the coast.

"What's the first thing on your programme after we arrive?" I asked.

"Breakfast."

"And then?"

"Then we'll go down to the Molo."

"What's to be seen there?"

"The gay and noisy scene the port always presents."

"But it's Sunday."

"That's true. I had forgotten that. Well, we'll go up to the lighthouse, from which we shall have a magnificent view. The panorama takes in the Tuscany islands Gorgona, Capraja, Elba, and the northern end of Corsica."

"You seem to know the town quite well."

"I spent some months in Leghorn about three years ago."

"For the purpose of study?"

"Well—yes—as much for that as anything else. I was painting at the time quite industriously, and selecting views and scenes that are rarely sketched."

Our conversation was for the most part upon commonplace topics, until we, after a half-hour's ride, arrived at the place of our destination, when we sauntered leisurely through the broad streets to the Via Vittorio Emanuele, where, in a restaurant of mean appearance, we breakfasted very satisfactorily.

Having finished our repast, we continued on as far as the harbor, where we found very few signs of life. In fact, the sun already shone so hot that few besides dogs and Englishmen would think of being abroad; good Christians would think rather of hunting out some shady place in which to take a siesta.

"Corpo di Bacco!" I cried—there is nothing one learns more readily in foreign countries than these innocent little exclamations—"you are leading me, as Virgil did Dante, into the infernal regions."

"We shall have a good breeze up there in the lighthouse," he replied.

"But, for Heaven's sake, do you expect me to scale these battlements in this scorching sun?"

"Are you thirsty? Can you do your part toward emptying another bottle of good Tuscan wine?"

"I can try," I replied.

"Very well. We will halt for a while in this strand *osteria*, and I will endeavor to make you understand why, hot as it is, I am desirous to go up to the old lighthouse. And when I have done—provided always that I do not tell my story too awkwardly—I trust that you will have an additional incentive to accompany me."

"I begin to be curious. What peculiar interest can this lighthouse have for you? Ah, I forgot that you are an architect."

"No, my art has nothing to do with the matter.—Ho, bottega!"

In response to Gustav's orders, a sleepy waiter brought us a bottle of the red wine of the country. Gustav filled our glasses and cried, as he touched my glass with his:

"To the health of the beautiful Cosima!"

He emptied his glass to the last drop, pushed his hair back from his forehead, leaned comfortably against the wall, and began:

It is now three years since I first saw this old seaport-town. I lodged then in the Leon Bianco on the Piazza d'Armi. Hardly had I got my luggage unpacked when the gods added another to the many proofs they had already given me of their favor. I

had with me a half-finished *aquarelle*, which wanted an important figure. The picture represented—or was to represent—a group of three young Genoese girls. Two of the figures needed only a few more touches; for the third, however, I had not been able to find a model that answered my idea. I had half decided to leave the picture unfinished, when, on the first day of my sojourn here, I found in the person of a young girl such a living original as would enable me to realize my ideal.

I sat, greatly fatigued from my journey and the unpacking of my effects, in one of the hard arm-chairs of my room, when I heard a gentle rap at the door.

"Avanti!" I cried.

The door opened, and a slim, dark-eyed, fair-haired young girl stood on the threshold. Her elastic figure, the regular beauty of her face, the feminine softness of her expression, the grace of her bearing as she stood before me with her well-rounded arms bare to the shoulders, and a white kerchief wound carelessly round her head, presented a picture that struck me as being indescribably charming.

"Who was the little beauty?" you ask. It was Sunta, the chambermaid. She approached a step or two, and asked, in a tone that harmonized with her appearance, if I would allow her to put fresh linen on my bed then, or should she wait till the signore went out.

"You will not disturb me, my child," I replied, in as indifferent a tone as I could command.

As she set about her task I was unable to decide which I admired most, her grace of movement or her beauty of person. "She and no other shall be my model," said I; and for the purpose of beginning an acquaintance I asked, carelessly:

"Are you a native of Leghorn?"

"No, signore; I am from Specia," she replied, without looking away from her work.

"What's your name, my child?"

"Sunta, signore. But why do you call me your child? I am not your child."

"Oh, that's only a way of speaking."

"But it's not proper to be so familiar. You don't know what ugly tongues the people have in this neighborhood."

"Oh, lud!" I thought; "the little prude will never pose for me."

"You seem to be very cautious," I replied, in a friendly tone. "A young girl cannot be too much so, perhaps; but with me it's quite unnecessary. I am betrothed to a young girl quite as pretty as you are, and that's saying a good deal. Besides, I am a painter, and painters, everybody knows, are the most harmless men in the world."

She looked me full in the face for a moment, and then said, in a frank, ingenuous tone:

"I hope you will not think me uncivil, caro signore: now that I know you are betrothed—I—"

"You will be reasonable," I continued, "and do me a favor?"

She blushed, and fixed a searching glance upon me.

"I am painting a little picture, for which I require a young girl of just your figure."

As she did not seem to fully understand what I wanted, I took the sheet out of my portfolio, and showed it to her.

"See, Sunta, this is the figure, the outlines of which you can just see. It shall look just like you, if you will hold still while I paint it."

She shook her head.

"No, no, I should not dare to do that, sir. What would people say? That would look just as though—as though—"

"Don't be foolish!" I remonstrated.

"Duchesses and princesses have sat as models for the greatest painters of your country. The female figures of Leonardo da Vinci are nearly all portraits of Queen Johanna of Naples."

She straightened up proudly, folded her arms, and answered in the tone of one who feels confident he is in the right:

"You have a *fiancé*, signore, in your country—England, I suppose—"

"No; Sweden."

"Very well, Sweden, then. What would you say, signore, if, during your absence, a handsome young stranger should come to your *fiancé*, and make such a request of her as you have just made of me?"

"Well, that—that would depend on circumstances."

"No, no, caro signore; you would be sure to be displeased if your *fiancé* granted the request. Now, what would be proper in her case is proper in mine."

"So, then, you are betrothed, Sunta?"

"I didn't say that," she stammered, "far from it. But here I stand wasting my time, and I have so much to do! Have you any other commands, signore?"

"No, none. I hope, however, that the charming Sunta will be less distrustful when we come to know each other better."

"Perhaps, signore." And with a gentle inclination of the head she turned and left the room.

"What a renowned beauty this girl would be," said I to myself, "if Fate had cast her lot in the higher walks of life!"

I retired early, and dreamed the whole night, it seemed to me, of the lovely Sunta and my three Genoese gossips. The verses an old fiddler used to sing daily under my window in Milan were continually ringing in my ears:

"Gli occhi della bionda
Son neri e sì brillanti."

Every syllable was applicable to Sunta. In fact, never before or since have I seen a similar combination of golden hair and black eyes. And this bewitchingly beautiful face! It haunted me in my dreams the whole night long. I was out of patience with myself, for I knew that I was not in love with the girl; had I been, I could have excused myself. But as it was—to allow my admiration for the beautiful to disturb my slumbers—that was too much!

It was a glorious April morning, and as I, for the moment, had nothing better to do, I seated myself on the veranda, which looked into the yard, where, shaded by lemon and

¹ The eyes of the blonde are black and so brilliant.

fig trees, I gave myself up to the favorite occupation of the Italians—doing nothing.

From the bench on the veranda I could see the corridor of the main building. I may have been there ten minutes, when I heard Sunta's voice. I thought of my picture, and of her refusal to sit for me, and was not disposed to be in the best of humor with the little enchantress. Still I could not refrain from bending forward to get a look at her through the foliage.

There she stood on the steps, handsomer, it seemed to me, than she appeared the previous evening. She was occupied apparently in giving a young gardener a lesson similar to the one she had given me.

"You might have saved yourself the trouble, Pietro," said she, in a calm and not unfriendly tone. "You know that I never accept presents. Keep your bouquet, or give it to some one else."

The young man, who on his right arm carried a large basket filled with vegetables, evidently destined for the kitchen of the *albergo*, looked at the girl with a sad expression, and then at the bunch of flowers he held in his left hand.

"What have I done to you, Sunta," said he, "that you won't have anything to say to me? You must know by this time that I have very different thoughts from these English gentlemen who swarm about you, and joke with you so much. Is it impossible for you to like me just a little?"

"Let me pass, Pietro," said the girl, impatiently. "I think I have already said enough, so that you ought to understand me. I am not angry with you, or with any one else. What else you want I don't know, and I don't want to know. Now, don't keep me here any longer. I have my work to do."

"Sunta! Sunta! how can you be so cruel?" cried Pietro. "Pride comes before a fall, and no one escapes his destiny. Who knows how soon you will be sorry for treating me as you do? It's true I can't give you a palace like the English, but I love you, and would give my life to be able to call you mine for a single day. In two months I shall have possession of the house before the Porta a Mare, and shall be my own master. You would be a great deal better off then with me than you are here, where year out and year in you are compelled to work like a galley-slave."

"Have you any reason to think I am not satisfied with my lot?" replied Sunta. "Don't trouble yourself about other people's concerns, Friend Pietro; and now I say once more, let me pass. I have no more time to waste."

"Very well, I can go," said Pietro, bitterly. "May you be happy, Sunta! But should you chance to hear that Pietro Pitani is no more, you can know that you were the cause of his death. Whether there is one more or less in the world, it matters little."

With this he made a move to descend the steps, but the girl stopped him.

"How can you talk in such a wicked way, Pietro?" said she, in a tone tremulous with emotion. "If I have said anything to hurt your feelings you must forgive me; but you must surely know that one cannot school one's self to love whomsoever one will. I love

you, Pietro, as I have told you before, as a sister loves a brother—more you must not ask, for more I am unable to give. And now go, and let me go, too, for we have both been here too long; but remember, you must act like the sensible fellow you always have been."

"Very well, I will be sensible, since you say I must. Addio!"

"A rivederci!"

The young man went on his way. The golden-haired Sunta followed him with her eyes as though she were lost in thought, until he was out of sight; then she walked slowly across the corridor to a room where she had something to do.

In the course of the day I made another vain endeavor to persuade the prudish Sunta to grant my request to pose for me. I found her just as immovable as poor Pietro had, the only difference in her manner toward us being that she had consolingly pressed his hand, while to me she turned her back.

"Patience!" said I to myself, as she left me standing with as little ceremony as a princess would leave her page.

Toward evening I went down to the strand, and, after sauntering about for a while, went up to the lighthouse.

The custodian was not there; his two assistants received me, however, with a self-consciousness that would have done no discredit to the master. Their weather-beaten faces shone with an honest pride as they showed me the complicated machinery, and explained its use in their peculiar way. Meantime, they did not neglect to sweep the horizon with their glasses, and to signal each sail, as it came in sight, with their flag-telegraph.

I became so interested in the strange life of these two sea-dogs, and in the glorious panorama spread out before me, that it began to grow dark before I was aware. The lamps were lighted, the machinery began to work, and the octagonal prism, with its variety of colors, to turn around the flame. The moon rose from behind the hills and shed her soft light on the scene. The façades of the city were in the shade; but the ridges of the roofs shone like molten silver, while the sea, seen from this height, presented a picture as beautiful as to me it was new.

The idea suddenly occurred to me of fixing the scene on canvas, and I asked the two men if I would be allowed to spend two or three evenings, until perhaps a late hour, in the lantern, in order to make the necessary studies.

The men assured me that my presence would disturb no one, and that they were sure I should be as welcome to the custodian as to themselves. I therefore decided to begin on the following evening. I was in no mood to do anything that day, in consequence of my rest having been so much disturbed the night previous by the lovely Sunta. I left the good-natured seamen a couple of francs wherewith to drink my health, and, well satisfied with my walk, returned to my lodgings at the Leon Bianco.

I slept till nearly noon, and awoke so refreshed and strengthened that I felt myself equal to anything. I, therefore, after I had

breakfasted, got out my three Genoese girls, and plied myself to the painting of the undeveloped figure, with Sunta, as far as recollection permitted, for my model. I worked very slowly and carefully; I taxed my utmost powers of reproduction; but, when the clock of the campanile struck six, I perceived that I had only been pouring water into a sieve—every line had been twenty times redrawn, and where I had made attempts at color the picture seemed to be greatly overloaded. And, when I compared the lithe, golden-haired Sunta with my clumsy sketch, the blood rose to my temples, and I could hardly resist a desire to tear the picture in pieces.

I rose and gave the bell an energetic pull.

"Where is Sunta?" I asked the boy who answered my summons.

"Sunta is not within, signore—this is her afternoon out."

"So, so! Va bene!"

My reply was in such an irritable tone that the boy made a grimace, and stopped at the door as though he expected an explanation.

"You can go, my lad," said I, with a friendlier mien, as I hung up my house-jacket. And then I added, "A propos, at what time will Sunta return?"

The question seemed to astonish the boy still more. He gave me a very unsatisfactory answer, and turned slowly away as though he was endeavoring to divine the import of my inquiries.

I did not care to be at the lighthouse before half-past eight; I had, therefore, full two hours of leisure before me. The day was hot. What better could I do than to enjoy a bottle? Nothing, I thought. So I sauntered leisurely down the broad street that leads to the Porta a Mare. Before—that is, just beyond the gate—there are a number of resorts in which every evening there is music and dancing. Instinctively I directed my steps toward one of these places in which the merry-making was loudest. I seated myself in an ivy-curtained niche, from which, without being myself observed, I had a good view of the hall. I filled my glass, stretched my feet out on an additional chair, adjusted my glasses, and took a survey of what the scene before me presented.

Imagine my astonishment when I recognized at one of the tables not far from me the peerless Sunta. She sat so that I could see her faultless profile in all its purity limned on the dark wall beyond. Beside her sat a stalwart, weather-browned man about thirty years of age, whose bearing immediately fixed my attention. He had an exceedingly intelligent and manly face, but around his mouth there was a soft, almost weak expression, which would as often be thought to denote a want of stability as goodness of heart. On his forehead, just at the edge of the hair, there were two large scars that crossed each other like the letter X, and looked as though they might have been caused by blows with a sabre. His features were regular, his face decidedly handsome, and his dress quite like that of the other guests of the place; still there was

something in the man's general appearance eminently calculated to attract the attention of the observer.

His relations with Sunta seemed to be very intimate. They spoke to each other in the second person singular, and every now and then he would seize her hand with an expression of tenderness that I found it anything but pleasant to witness. And she, on her part, looked into his eyes with an expression not less tender; often she would listen for minutes together to what he was saying to her. I listened with all the ears I had to catch the tenor of their discourse, but I could only distinguish an occasional word. From the little I understood it seemed to me quite certain that their theme was matrimony, and I had no doubt it was with special reference to their own marriage.

This idyllic scene soon became so distasteful to me that I rose and noiselessly left the hall.

I looked at my watch and found, to my surprise, that it was already eight o'clock—time for me to think of getting up to the lighthouse. I sauntered carelessly along the strand; my thoughts were with Sunta. "This is the fellow, then," I soliloquized, "who prevents her posing for me; this is the fellow whom she prefers to poor Pietro! If I can get in such an elegiac mood for the lovely Sunta—I, who have about as much love for her as I have for the Venus of Milo—what must Pietro's feelings be?"

Meantime I arrived at the ferry. In two minutes I was on the steps of the lighthouse. The clock of the campanile struck half-past eight.

You see, the lighthouse is on a considerable elevation. In making the ascent, I paused from time to time to rest.

As I stopped the second or third time, a door in the tower above me turned on its hinges. I listened. "Oh ho!" I thought; "they are coming out, to meet me; attentive people, these! But they must have eyes like owls, for down below there it's as dark as in a whale's belly."

The moon was not yet up, and the sky was so overcast that very few stars could be seen—an untoward circumstance, which till now, in my preoccupation, I had not observed.

I continued on, expecting every moment to be welcomed by one of my old-salt acquaintances, when suddenly in my immediate neighborhood one of the sweetest of voices greeted my ear with the question:

"Is it you, Antonio?"

I know not whether the silver tones of the voice for a moment disordered my senses, or whether I yielded to a wanton mood—certain it is that I answered with a half-loud "Yes."

The next moment I was in the embrace of two soft arms, and a pair of dewy lips were pressed long and lovingly to my own.

Had you been in my place, now, what would you have done? It would, I am sure, be difficult for you to tell. For my part, novel and interesting as the situation was, I wished myself anywhere but there; I felt as I think a defrauder or a thief must feel; and yet there was something in the

kiss, though intended for another as it was, that was peculiarly sweet.

"Oh, how I thank you for keeping your word!" said the voice, tremulous with emotion. "Your little wife does love you so dearly, Antonio—you will not neglect her any more, I'm sure you won't."

"Another complication," I thought. "Then she is married! Now, if the devil should take it into his satanic head to produce the husband, the scene might have a tragic ending."

While I philosophized thus I remained silent as the grave, and my feet seemed grown to the spot where Antonio's "little wife" held me in her loving embrace. My manner, very naturally, surprised her.

"Why, what's the matter, Antonio?" she asked, in a half-reproachful tone. "Why don't you speak? Come, let us go in, it's too cool here on the steps."

I remember now that one of the seamen had told me that the lighthouse-keeper had a young and pretty wife. All the more possible, therefore, that the injured husband might make his appearance at any moment.

What was to be done? Should I retreat? Fly like a coward, and that, too, when the adventure was really such a harmless one? Never! And then I should never have forgiven myself had I not satisfied my curiosity with regard to the personal appearance of the sweet-voiced unknown; and, if she cried out with terror, fainted, or chose some other manner in which to express her surprise and indignation, there would always be time to fall at her feet and sue for pardon.

I followed, therefore, her lead. She opened the heavy door, and we silently entered a spacious but rudely-furnished apartment.

The next moment we were both equally amazed.

I beheld a woman with dark, wavy hair, so beautiful, so fresh, that for a moment she seemed to me to eclipse the lovely Sunta. She was not so tall as and was more delicately formed than the *cameriera*, nor had she that nobility of mien that was one of Sunta's most marked characteristics; but her features were remarkably regular, and every line of her face was full of expression. She looked the very embodiment of everything that man worships in woman. Indeed, she appeared to me so marvelously beautiful that I forgot the awkwardness of my situation, and murmured:

"How like my ideal! She and no other must be my model for my third Genoese girl!"

You will say that my self-possession easily degenerates into impudence, or such thoughts would never have entered my mind at such a moment, and that the lovely Cosima dealt with me far too leniently.

She gazed at me for a moment, seeming bewildered when she discovered her error and my deception; then she covered her face with her hands, and turned away without saying a word.

I finally stammered out something intended as an excuse; but she approached

me, her eyes flashing fire, and, in a commanding tone I would not have believed her capable of, asked:

"Who are you, sir? What brings you here? Shame! How could you so frighten a poor woman who is already worried almost to death?"

"Signora," I stammered, "you are quite right—my conduct is unpardonable; but you need have no fear, I assure you—"

A disdainful smile curled her trembling lip, as she replied:

"Fear! Ha! I never knew what fear was! What harm could you do to me? Look here!" said she, as she took down a revolver that was hanging on the wall, and carelessly played with the hammer. I found her movements and manner anything but edifying.

"Signora," said I, "do not misjudge me. I have done very wrong, I confess, and I beg that you will pardon me. If you will listen to me for a few minutes you will see—"

"But what do you want here?" she interrupted, in a less unfriendly tone.

I told her I had come to study the landscape from the top of the lighthouse by moonlight, and asked if she was the wife of the keeper; but she did not seem to hear me.

"Antonio may come home at any moment," said she, half soliloquizing; then, turning to me, she asked: "Have you already spoken with my husband?"

"Not yet."

"Oh, there are few men who can compare with him!" said she, in a tone full of love and devotion.

"If that were not true, he would be unworthy of his charming wife," I replied.

She looked at me as though she would read my inmost thoughts.

"You seem in doubt as to whether you can trust me or not," said I, smiling. "Will you allow me to await your husband's return?"

"If you wish to I think I need not object," she replied. "I see you did not know whom you had before you. I will excuse your audacity, but would advise you to be more cautious. Antonio is not a man to be trifled with, and on certain points all men are Antonios."

Her indignation had entirely disappeared. I seated myself in a sort of rustic arm-chair, and, as I had nothing better to talk about, I asked my lovely companion if her Antonio had long been in his present position.

"Only four months," she replied. "He was boatswain on board a frigate until the end of the late war with Austria. He was in the battle of Lissa—"

"They had a warm time of it," I interrupted. "You must have passed some anxious days, signora. Many a brave fellow saw the sun for the last time on that day."

"A little more and Antonio would have been one of those. I can never thank the Holy Virgin enough for protecting him on that day, signore; for it was really a wonder that he was not killed. The frigate was near sinking, and the crew were compelled to save themselves in the boats, and that, too, while

fighting hand to hand with the enemy. Antonio received two sabre-cuts on the forehead—one so, and one so—and was taken prisoner with some twenty of his comrades."

As she showed me the direction of the sabre-cuts on Antonio's forehead, I sprang to my feet as quickly as I should have done had she dealt me a blow in the face. Antonio's wound answered so exactly to the peculiar scar on the forehead of the man I had seen with Sunta that I could not doubt they were one and the same person. Poor Cosima! Poor Sunta!

The young wife fixed her eyes on me with an expression of terror and amazement.

"In Heaven's name, what is the matter with you, signore?" she cried, after a momentary pause. "What do you know of Antonio? Tell me, what do you know of him?"

"Know of him?—I—nothing, signora," I stammered. "I remember a friend who also had a—"

"Hold, signore!" she interrupted, in a commanding tone. "You are a bad hand at lying. I divine all. You have seen him—confess, signore—you have seen him with her, with her? O God, what a poor, unfortunate, wretched woman I am!"

I was incapable of uttering a word.

"You are silent, signore," she continued. "Oh, the wretch! And what a hypocrite! He swore to me, by all that is holy, that he would see her no more, and I pardoned him; for, oh! I do love him so dearly!—O God, I cannot bear it! it will kill me!"

She burst in a wild, hysterical fit of weeping, and threw herself on a straw mat that lay before the sofa.

I hastened to raise her up and lead her to the arm-chair.

She smiled on me through her tears, and said, in a low, languid tone:

"Pardon me, signore; I forgot that I am not alone. I am more composed now. You need have no fears of exciting me further by telling me all you know. Where have you seen him, signore?"

I saw that it was useless to try to deceive her. I, therefore, told her what I had seen at the *osteria*, using my best endeavors to make the faithless Antonio, and, above all, the guileless Sunta, appear as little culpable as possible.

"Who knows," said I, in conclusion—"who knows but that all will turn out for the best? The girl does not seem to suspect that your Antonio is deceiving her. On her part it is not a love-affair in a bad sense. One would be doing her and you, and perhaps also your Antonio, a service by letting her know that her gallant is married."

"Ah, what should I gain," said she, after a pause, "by frustrating his designs this time? My misfortune is in being no longer loved. A cure for indifference has not yet been found."

She strove to be calm, but, in spite of her endeavors, such mental agony was pictured in her lovely face that one must have had a heart of stone not to feel the deepest sympathy for her. I sought to console her as best I could, and among other things said:

"Who knows, perhaps we can hit upon some means to bring him back to his allegiance? Jealousy is the mother of fidelity. You must not force your love upon him. You must show him that you can live without him and can find other admirers, who are at least his equal. He will, perhaps, learn to appreciate the treasure he possesses in you, when he sees there is a possibility of his losing you."

She fixed her large, dark eyes on me for a moment, and then, approaching me with a quick, resolute step, she seized me by the hand and asked:

"Signore, will you aid me?"

"Yes, signora, in any way I can," I replied.

"Very well. Wait for me a moment; I will be back immediately."

She wiped her eyes and disappeared in an adjoining room, with a cheerful smile.

In a few moments she reappeared, ready to go out. A jaunty little straw-hat half concealed her dark, wavy hair, which she had tied up with a purple ribbon. A sort of mantilla enveloped her shoulders, from beneath which her green-alpaca dress fell in graceful folds. In her left hand she carried a fan of sandal-wood.

"So!" said she, gayly; "and you are to personate my lover, signore. As for the kisses, you have them in advance; now you will please think only of your duties as gallant. You will escort me to the *osteria* before the Porta a Mare."

She looked so radiant and smiled so roguishly that she was really irresistible. But, had her charms been less seductive, I should have been ready to second her plans, for I felt a lively desire to frustrate those of the faithless Antonio. The possible consequences of my interference I did not pause to consider.

We took our way along the strand, scarcely saying a word to each other, and, after a walk of some ten minutes, reached the *osteria* where I had seen Antonio and Sunta a half-hour before.

Cosima's heart throbbed so violently that she could scarcely utter a word. She clung convulsively to my arm, and stopped for a few moments to compose herself. Then, still leaning on my arm, she entered at a side-door, and, with a firm step, allowed me to lead her to the niche from which I had observed her truant husband.

Antonio and Sunta still sat where I had seen them. Their positions were unchanged save that the gentleman had drawn a little nearer his companion in order, it seemed, to make his protestations more impressive.

I managed to have Cosima's side-face toward her husband, so that he should recognize her, while she could seemingly be ignorant of his presence.

I could see less of Sunta's face than when I first discovered them. She did not seem to have noticed us; she apparently had neither eyes nor ears for anybody or anything but her lover and his treacherous representations.

We had been seated scarcely two minutes when suddenly Antonio's face became as pale as death. He stopped short in what

he was saying, and stared at us as though he could not believe his eyes. Meantime I had leaned forward to Cosima, seemingly for the purpose of not being recognized by Sunta, who now observed us with apparently almost as much interest as her companion. From under the broad brim of my hat I noted every change in the expression of Antonio's face. His pallor soon gave way to a bright crimson. For a moment he seemed about to yield to his anger. He made a movement as though he would strangle the object of his rage, but upon second thought he decided upon another course.

With a self-command that I could not too much admire, he turned to Sunta and whispered something in her ear that seemed to fully account for the strangeness of his manner. In a few moments they appeared to be as much absorbed in each other as before.

I noticed, however, with a kind of malignant joy, that Antonio continued to keep an eye in our direction, and used my best endeavors to appear absorbed in my fair companion, and two or three times went so far as to press her hand to my lips.

A quarter of an hour passed thus without anything occurring worthy of note, when Antonio rose, offered Sunta his arm, and left the hall without even glancing our way.

"What now?" I asked Cosima.

"We shall see," said she, smiling. "I hope for the best results. Did you not see how he fairly seethed with jealousy? He loves me still, and where there is still love there is little room for despair."

"That's all very well for you, signora; but for me? Suppose your husband, in his paroxysm of jealousy, should take it into his head to run five or six inches of cold steel between my ribs?"

"Are you afraid?"

"No; I am not afraid; but it would be unpleasant to have our little comedy end with a funeral."

"Bah! no danger! When he knows the facts he will cease to be dangerous. But now take me home—I am all anxiety to hear what he has to say for himself. It is so close and hot here that I can scarcely breathe."

"As you will."

I put her mantilla around her shoulders and led her toward the strand. The moon shone brightly, and the cool evening was exceedingly refreshing. She spoke not a word, but I could feel that she was in a tremor of excitement.

We had been walking along thus for some five minutes, perhaps, when I heard a quick, vigorous step close behind me. I looked back. At that moment Antonio came up to us. He seized me in anything but a gentle manner by the shoulder, and, in a husky, tremulous tone, said:

"If you are not a coward, signore, come with me that I may knock your brains out."

"Gently, my friend, gently!" I replied, as I released Cosima's arm, and straightened up to my full height. "Let me advise you to be on your guard. What do you want of me, and who are you?"

"What do I want of you?" he cried, with a derisive laugh. "Don't you know that no man has a right to be going about with another man's wife? There is not much to be lost in this shameless person here, it is true; but, before I'd be laughed at by everybody on her account, I'd break the necks of a hundred fellows like you. You're a villain, sir!"

"You seem to have been drinking too much," said I, calmly. "If I am not in error, I saw you, a few moments ago, with a young girl, in an *osteria* on the quay. If your wife has been led astray by any one, it is certainly not by me. This lady here is a brunette, you see, while the one I saw with you was a blonde."

"You would mock me, too, would you?" cried the infuriated Antonio. "It's none of your business what I do, or with whom I go. I'll show you that Antonio Bassano is not a man you can trifle with. Defend yourself, or to hell with you!"

As quick as thought he drew a dagger, and sprang toward me.

"Are you mad?" cried Cosima, seizing his arm, and holding him back. "Would you commit murder?"

He tried to shake her off, but she clung so tightly that he found it impossible.

"Listen, Antonio," said Cosima—"do you think me capable of deceiving you? Have I ever given you cause to question my fidelity?"

He stared her in the face as though he did not understand her.

"How?" he asked, after a pause—"have you become so brazen as to ask me here, in the presence of this man?—What effrontery!"

There was something so truly pathetic in his voice that I could not withhold my sympathy. It was clear that, if he did neglect his Cosima, he had not ceased to love her.

"Yes, Antonio," continued the trembling Cosima, "things are not as they seem. Let me finish what I have to say. I have nothing to conceal, Antonio—nothing, as sure as there is a God above us! Be calm and listen, and you shall be convinced that I speak truly."

"I'll listen to nothing," he cried. "Let me go, serpent, or I'll not answer for the consequences!"

"Antonio, think what you have made me suffer! I have made you taste but a drop of the misery I have been compelled to drink at full draughts! I only wanted you to have some idea what it is to have one's love prized! We were only making believe, Antonio!"

I thought the moment opportune for me to say something.

"Yes," said I, in a conciliatory tone, "strange as it may appear to you, your wife tells the truth. If there were any censurable relation between us, do you think we would have gone wittingly where you were? I saw you two hours ago in the *osteria* with the pretty *cameriera* of the Leon Bianco. Be reasonable. Your wife will give you a satisfactory explanation of everything, and then I trust you will have the magnanimity to beg.

her pardon, for not she, but you are the criminal."

It cost not a little trouble to convince him of the truth of our statements. When, however, we had gone over every detail for the second time, and he learned that I was the artist who had importuned the lovely Sunta to sit as a model—it seemed she had told him all about me—he began to realize that he had less cause for jealousy than for remorse.

"Signore," said he, deeply humiliated, reaching out his hand, "I thank you. You have taught me a lesson I shall not soon forget. I see now that the wrong is all on my side. Again, I thank you."

Cosima could restrain her tears no longer. She threw her arms around his neck, and kissed his prayers to be forgiven from his lips.

"You are an angel, Cosima," said he, in a tone full of feeling. "How could I be so blind as not to see the priceless treasure I possess in your love?—Come here, signore. You have been a witness of my folly; witness now the oath with which I signal my return to my lawful allegiance: May my heart wither in my breast if ever I am again disloyal, even in thought, to my faithful and loving wife!—Cosima, can you forget and forgive?"

In reply she embraced him again and again. I accompanied them a short distance, and then, after promising to make them an early visit, and taking upon myself the disagreeable mission of informing Sunta of what had occurred, I bade them good-night.

Poor Sunta at first seemed completely crushed. For several days she went about with her eyes red and swollen from weeping. Her grief was a sorry spectacle to witness, and nothing that I, who was alone in the secret, could say to her seemed to have any effect—she seemed inconsolable. Antonio inquired after her daily, and really seemed to suffer almost as much as she did. But, thanks to her superabundant vitality and a naturally sunny temperament, after seven or eight days she began to mend. As she recovered from the bitter deception, she looked with more and more favor on Pietro, until, at the expiration of about six weeks, she yielded to his entreaties, and became his bride. If you have a mind, we will drive over by-and-by to a little brown house just outside the Porta a Mare, and I will present you to Signora Pitani and the little Pitanis, of whom, I have no doubt, there is a plurality by this time.

My studies from the lighthouse remained unfinished; in fact, they were never begun. Very different, however, with my three Genoese beauties. I soon finished them quite to my satisfaction. For one of them the dark-eyed Cosima served as a model; for the second, the blond Sunta; and the third I copied from a sketch I had made some time previously.

The following year my picture attracted a good deal of attention at an exhibition in one of the cities of Northern Germany, which was not at all surprising, for in the wide world it would be hard to find two so beautiful women living on the same square mile of *terra firma* as Sunta and Cosima.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SECOND CLASS.

THE divines talk to us of "precious time;" and, from their point of view, no doubt our time should be more precious, and we should be less willing to waste it, than gold itself. Business-men also protest with more or less of truth (generally the latter) that their time is precious, and would have us believe that every quarter of an hour by which their morning train is delayed costs them, or their clients, thousands; and even outside those two callings there are many instances in which the passing hour may be designated by the same endearing epithet. But, after all, there is no time so precious to the human heart as that which intervenes between the signature of the death-warrant of some beloved fellow-creature and the carrying it into effect. When the kindly doctor is compelled to whisper, "No hope," and husband, or wife, or child, lie on that bed which they will for certain only exchange for their place in the churchyard, then time becomes precious indeed. How we grudge every moment that we are forced to pass away from that beloved object whom we shall never, never see again! How we feel that a week hence, or a day, we shall bitterly regret the hours—cumulatively years—that we have lived apart from them, out of their sight, beyond their voice and touch, when we might have been in their company! How every stroke of the clock sounds like a parting knell! And thus, as the time drew on for John Dalton to set sail for Brazil, each day became inexpressibly dear and all too brief for his unhappy wife. It was a long journey, full of doubt and hazard, even for him; but for her it was the longest that mortal man can take; for she knew well, though no tongue had told her, but only the wordless whisper of her own prescient heart, that she would never behold him more in this world. Her health had been failing her for long, though no one knew it besides herself; she had been always one to make light of her troubles, in order the better to persuade others to let her help them to bear their own; "her worst she kept, her best she gave" of everything; but she had for some time looked forward to her coming trial with a grave suspicion that her strength was insufficient to meet it. And now this crushing blow had fallen, and she felt that it had paralyzed all her rallying powers; her courage remained with her—it was necessary for others, and therefore only death could rob her of it; but her vital energies were gone.

Hers was not a solitary case. Doubtless, while I write these words, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of women, wives and mothers, who know that their fate is sealed, but keep the secret to themselves, for others' sake, and look upon the passing world with smiling serenity. Another

er autumn, perhaps even another winter, they may see on earth, but not another spring. They hear plans made for the future which include themselves, and they appear to fall in with them. They will not cast a shadow over the present happiness, the present hope of those around them; but they are well aware, by the time of which these loved ones speak with such unclouded assurance, that in this world they themselves will have become a memory. Such miseries are strewn broadcast in our homes. But Mrs. Dalton's case was worse than most. She was not only sentenced to leave all she loved, and step into the unfathomed gulf of death alone, but to leave them in sore straits. Moreover, the little span of time during which her husband was still to remain with her was treasured upon by the necessity of his going to town, and making arrangements for the disposition of his property—or rather of what *had* been his before their ruin. He was bent upon being absent from Riverside as little as possible, but a "monstrous cantle" of at least three days was thus cut out of the bare fortnight that still intervened before the sailing of the ship. Of course Edith might have accompanied him to London, but she shrank from expending the few pounds that this would cost upon her own pleasure or comfort. Every moment that could be passed in his company was now priceless to her, yet ten thousand of them were now foregone, for the sake of a few shillings. Such is poverty, which fools make light of, and liars praise for its wise teachings, and which rogues and scoundrels dare to flout at and despise.

Edith could, however, accompany her husband to the station without expense, since he was conveyed thither in one of the Riverside equipages; and this we may be sure she did.

"I shall take a second-class ticket, my darling," said he, as they drew near their destination. His tone, if not that of a martyr, had something of serious self-sacrifice in it.

"Oh, *must* you?" returned she, pleadingly. She did not like the notion of "Dear John" going by the second class; though for herself, if she could have gone with him, she would cheerfully have traveled in a cattle-truck.

"Yes; I think so. One can't begin to economize too early, as that woman said last night. The idea of her giving you such advice, at such a time!"

"It was very wise advice, John."

"Very likely; but I wish it had choked her. However, I am going to follow it, you see. It is lucky I did not bring down Toffet with me" (Toffet was his valet), "as we originally intended, or it would have been rather unpleasant: I mean, for him and me to travel together."

"It would have been impossible, my dear."

"Oh, I don't know; one soon gets used to these things. I dare say I shall have worse company than Toffet on board the Flamborough Head; for I am quite resolved to go in the steerage. It is a matter of twenty pounds—the difference is—and that

twenty pounds will be of use to you at the Nook, you may depend upon it."

"Don't talk of it, darling; not just now," murmured Edith, with her head upon his breast; it has not come to parting yet. You will be back among us on Tuesday."

"Yes, my pet, on Tuesday, at latest, if I can only get those lawyers to move out of their snail's pace. There is the auctioneer, too, to see about the lease. I have great hopes that the house will have improved in value since we took it. I think I shall take Skipton's bid for the horses, so that that matter can be arranged at once." And he entered some memoranda in his note-book. How she envied him the many practical matters he had to deal with, the transaction of which must necessarily engross his thoughts! In the day of trouble women's work is of little value to them as a distraction from care; the occupation of the hand, or even of the mind, affords but small relief; a certain sort of action is invaluable at such seasons. "That pompous and pretentious arrangement for the transaction of affairs, called business," becomes then of real importance, and only men are able to avail themselves of it. This is fortunate, since they are certainly less able to endure "worry" than the softer and serener sex. Annoyances of any kind had always irritated John Dalton to an extent quite disproportionate to their importance; but, under the present circumstances, the least vexations galled him.

Though he asked for a second-class ticket at the station, the clerk, who knew him well, gave him a first from habit; and this had to be exchanged, to the wonder not only of the official, but of the various passengers in the waiting-room, to whom the Riverside liveries were familiar. Both eminent and wealthy persons are found sometimes to use the second class; but Mrs. Campden would have felt it a slur upon the reputation of her house if any guest had arrived or departed from it in so ignoble a manner. And in this particular, at least, Dalton would have satisfied her expectations; he had always been accustomed to the best of everything—never to the second best. He had never been in the pit of the opera, or put up with the accommodation of a coffee-room at an hotel. When he had journeyed, it was always in a luxurious manner, with piles of newspapers or heaps of railway-books, which he had as often as not left in the carriage behind him, when they had served his object of making the hours of travel move more quickly. But he was resolute now to adopt the most rigidly economical habits, and, having omitted to bring a book with him from Riverside, was therefore compelled to feed on his own thoughts throughout the journey, or to enter against the grain into conversation with his fellow-travelers. They stared at him because a livery servant had opened the door of the carriage for him, and handed in his railway-rug, but not more than the servant himself had stared when Dalton had said, "Second class, William."

Perhaps nothing so brought home the fact to the Riverside household that "them poor Daltons" were really ruined as the tidings of the simple change of traveling-carriage.

"Just think of Mr. Dalton, 'im as has just been stannin' for Bampton, sitting cheek-by-jowl with Scarve, the Bleabarrow undertaker, and that 'ere 'prentice of his, Tompkins!" who happened to be going on a professional expedition by the same train. Tompkins, who was educating himself to be a mute, was just the sort of companion Dalton wanted, if he must needs have any; but Scarve was lugubriously loquacious. Under the influence of a flask of gin which he carried about with him, as he explained, as a precaution against infection, he grew very communicative about his "jobs with the aristocracy," of whom, if his word was to be credited, he had put a sufficient number underground to make a House of Lords in the other world. "I don't say but that there is firms in London as can bury as well or better than ourselves," he whispered, confidentially, to Dalton; "but in the country Scarve & Co. yield to none." When he got out he pressed his card (it had a neat black border of about two inches broad, and a tomb in the centre, on which were inscribed his name and address) upon his fellow-traveler's attention; and, though at first amused by it, it presently begat in his mind a ghastly reflection. Supposing, when he himself was far away, anything should happen to Edith or any of the children, would a man like that—perhaps the very man himself—be sent for to the Nook to bury them? A morbid and monstrous thought, as he was well aware; but the knowledge of his own weakness availed him nothing. He beheld his little family, overshadowed by death as well as ruin, ministered to by hireling hands, forgotten and forsaken by friends, while he himself was thousands of miles away. It was the only time that he had dared to say to himself concerning any of his dear ones: "They will die, perhaps, in my absence; their welcoming faces shall greet me never more." As for himself, he felt too thickly clad in misery to be pensive to the shafts of Death; he could not lose them that way; but he felt that they might well leave him—Edith, who was so delicate, or Jenny, always an invalid—and then this man would come and see the last of them. It was an inexpressible relief to him when Mr. Scarve and his assistant quitted the train, and, with the most dejected faces, climbed into a dog-cart, that was in waiting for them, driven by a groom in mourning.

To them succeeded an unmistakable commercial traveler; "money and orders" was written in his twinkling eyes as legibly as the Hebrew characters that were wont to be seen (by the faithful) inscribed upon those of some pious folk of old. He was a chirpy, gossipy fellow, full of Joe Millerish jokes, and very inquisitive. He was very curious to know "whom" Dalton "traveled for," as he expressed it.

"A family man, I presume?" said he. Dalton nodded in good-natured assent. "Ah, then you are quite right to come second-class, sir; I always do it myself, and save the difference for Mrs. R— (my name is Roberts) and the young people." Presuming upon his superiority in years, he was so good as to give his companion much advice

as to the pursuit of his supposed calling. "My motto is *push*, sir"—which he pronounced like "rush"—"and I have always found that system to answer." And, by way of illustration, he dug the would-have-been member for Bampton playfully in the ribs.

Without being at all of the opinion of that modest philosopher who averred that he never spoke with any fellow-creature without learning something new, Dalton was by nature social and a citizen of the world; so that not only did Mr. Roberts's conversation speed the leaden hours of the journey, but the two parted the best of friends.

"You are the right sort, *you* are," was the eulogium passed upon him by that gentleman on the platform as they shook hands. In the midst of which leave-taking, up came Dalton's footman to show him where the carriage stood.

"Well, I am blowed!" said Mr. Roberts, with a prolonged whistle.

He did not know, of course, that it was the last drive in his own carriage which his late fellow-traveler was ever to take.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WORM TURNS.

THE house in Cardigan Place was as yet unchanged in every respect—just as Dalton had left it on his quitting town—yet everything spoke of gloom and desertion. It was no longer his home, except in name; and in a few days it would lose even the designation. He felt that he could not eat his dinner there, but went out to dine at his club. London was what is called "empty;" there were only a few millions left in it, who could not afford to go into the country: Piccadilly was a solitude, Pall Mall a waste. Dalton felt qualms as he drew near his club, imagining that every one there would have heard tidings of his downfall, and that he would be looked upon with pitying eyes. He knew how weak it was in him, how false the pride that made him entertain such apprehensions, how altogether vain and egotistic were such feelings, as well as the wisest philosopher that ever founded a school; but so it was. His fears, however, were groundless, for there was not a soul in the place.

The reading-room, ordinarily so thronged at that preprandial hour, was absolutely tenantless; he might have had six *Pall Mall Gazette*s all to himself. In the huge dining-room of the Plesiosaurus, he was the one solitary guest; but, as he was about to sit down to his modest repast, there entered one Dawkins, and begged permission to join tables. Dawkins was a middle-aged bore, who could never forget that he had once been a member of Parliament. He prefaced every statement with "When I sat for Sidding-ton," and dated every event from his admission into "the House." No one could have imagined from his conversation that that halcyon time had lasted but six weeks, after which he was unseated for bribery on petition. By profession he was a civil engineer, and had gained some notoriety, which could scarcely be called fame. He had not

invented a tubular bridge, or a submarine tunnel, but he had nursed more than one railway successfully through its sickly childhood, and had found his own account in it—at his banker's. His enemies averred that, in his professional capacity, Mr. Dawkins, C. E., had had his hands "greased;" and even his friends allowed that he was an excellent authority upon coal-contracts. Under ordinary circumstances, the most that this gentleman would have got out of John Dalton, in the way of social acknowledgment, would have been a careless nod of the head, and he would have felt himself flattered even by that; for Dalton was one of the most popular men in the club, and in the best set, and Dawkins was nobody there. How he had got into the Plesiosaurus at all—which, for so large a society, was somewhat exclusive—was a marvel to those who knew him best; perhaps he had slipped in by greasing somebody else's hands.

On the present occasion, however, Dalton rather encouraged his advances. This was just the man to have heard, in all likelihood, of his altered circumstances, and he did not wish to seem to shrink from companionship, or to appear in dejection. Moreover, even the talk of Dawkins was better than his own sad thoughts.

"Sorry to see you missed your shot at Bampton," said this gentleman, in a more familiar tone (or so it seemed to the other) than their previous relations justified. "However, you will try again, of course; it is quite unusual to get one's seat at the first trial. I was fortunate myself in that respect, when I stood for Siddington, but it was quite an exceptional piece of good luck."

For the constituency it doubtless was so, since it got two elections, and all the good things "going" at such epochs, within two months; but the good fortune of Mr. Dawkins himself had certainly been of a very transient nature.

"I am not likely to try again," answered Dalton, coldly.

"Ah! found it expensive, I dare say. That is the worst of it. But it's a proud position, too—deuced proud. I shall never forget the day I first took my seat and the oath."

"I wish you would," said Dalton, cynically. The man's impudence annoyed while it amused him. "How comes it that you are up in town in a dead time like this?"

"You may well ask. There are a lot of fellows bothering me by every post to run up to the moors, and Warkworth offered me a berth in his yacht. But I am chained to my desk. A golden chain, I am happy to say, but still it confines me to London for the present. Business, business, my dear sir; you know what that is?"

"Yes; it is very familiar to me."

"Not more familiar than welcome, I hope, eh?" put in the other. His tone was indifferent, but the glance and manner which accompanied it were so eager and inquisitive that the contrast was supremely ridiculous. Dalton's sense of humor was tickled.

"Well, I suppose you know all about it?" said he, good-humoredly. "You have doubtless heard that I have been hard hit?"

"I did hear something of the kind, my dear sir; but people tell such lies. I had hoped the report was without foundation. Sorry to find it confirmed on such good authority, I'm sure."

"Thank you," said Dalton, dryly. He was wondering whether it would be worth while asking this man's advice (he was sharp enough in his way, and especially in speculative affairs with a flaw in them) as to the Brazilian mine.

"Not at all," continued Dawkins, loftily. "We are all sorry; every man who is worth anything in the club, sir, sympathizes with you. A man at your time of life, and in your position, to become the prey of a parcel of swindlers—it is terrible! I had no idea, however, you had gone such a—I mean, that the thing was so serious. I had hoped you were only 'winged.'"

"No, sir, I am shot," said Dalton, decisively. He spoke so loud that the waiter came, thinking that something was wanted.

"Get some champagne," said Dawkins; "the best—the Clicquot—do you hear?" Then, in a confidential voice, he added: "There's nothing like champagne, my dear sir, when you are down in the mouth. I remember, when I stood for Siddington, and my opponent was ahead—"

"If that champagne is for me, Mr. Dawkins, I don't drink it," observed Dalton, in a tone more decidedly *frappé* than the wine itself.

"Very good; then I'll drink it myself," replied the other, cheerfully. "Now, look here, Dalton; don't be cast down and bitter with your friends, and that sort of thing. Of course, it's infernally disagreeable to have thrown one's money into the gutter—or down a mine—which is the same thing; but there are ways of getting it out again."

"What! you think the *Lara* is worth something yet?" inquired Dalton, eagerly.

"Not I. It is not worth a shilling—it is not worth sixpence. But money is to be made, my dear fellow"—the too friendly phrase jarred upon Dalton's nerves, but he let the other run on: he might really have something to say that would be useful—"thousands are to be made—ay, and tens of thousands—if you only go the right way to work, and *with the right people*. There's the rub."

"And who *are* the people?" inquired Dalton, growing somewhat impatient of his companion's platitudes.

"Well, there's Beever the banker—he is a baronet now, you know, though I can remember him when his firm was a very one-horse affair; his wife is a leader of fashion—quite the *ton*, you know."

Dalton could not restrain a smile. Sir Richard Beever was understood to be a dull man, who, placed by birth in a comfortable financial groove, had, under certain favorable circumstances, made a considerable quantity of money; but his great *coup* was his marriage with the widow of an eminent gin-distiller, which had heaped his money-bags so high that the government—to which he gave his parliamentary support—were compelled to take notice of them, and had in consequence made him a baronet. Sir Richard he had

met on one or two occasions in society; but his lady, never—for she had no chance of being admitted into it.

"Now, if you really want, Dalton, to be made *au fait* with the best things going" (Mr. Dawkins's countenance became mysteriously serious; and Dalton looked serious, too; his mind was occupied for the moment in philological speculation: why was it that men like Holt and Dawkins *would* use French phrases?)—"if you want to see the best people, financially speaking, that are to be met anywhere, and to have an opportunity—who knows?—of being connected with them—"

"Well, what must I do?" interrupted Dalton, sharply; he thought he had schooled himself to stand anything without flinching, but he could not stand Dawkins eloquent.

"Why, you must come and dine with me to-morrow, and meet 'em."

"Very good; I will," said Dalton. He could not express much gratitude for the invitation, but his manner was more cordial than his words. He knew—or certainly he would have known a few weeks ago—that it was he who was conferring the obligation. Mr. Dawkins would have given his ears if, in the height of last season, he could have secured John Dalton as a guest. But, on the other hand, it was just possible that the man really meant to do a kindness, and perhaps a service, to him, in asking him to meet these kings of commerce. At all events, Dalton had nowhere else to go, and any society just now seemed to be preferable to his own. He even reflected with a bitter smile that his acceptance of Mr. Dawkins's hospitality would save him the expense of a dinner.

He was now always putting in practice little economies which annoyed him, and was ashamed of himself because they did so. On the morrow he had to see his lawyer, the auctioneer, and Mr. Skipton, who had promised to buy his horses; and, instead of taking a hansom, he patronized the omnibuses. Novelty, it is said, is always pleasing, and therefore he ought to have enjoyed the experience of being jolted and squeezed and trodden upon in those vehicles, in none of which he had ever set foot before. He was perfectly conscious that thousands of his fellow-creatures, in most ways equal to himself, and in many superior, were compelled to use this means of conveyance, and it was a wretched affectation and a contemptible exclusiveness that made it disagreeable to him, much more than its intrinsic inconveniences; but he disliked it very much for all that. He could not shake off, in such general considerations, the thoughts of his own belongings; and when he saw the little batches of nervous and delicate women waiting in the wet for the bus to arrive, and struggling for inside places when it did so—an every-day occurrence, but which had never attracted his attention before—his mind reverted to his wife and Kate, who now, if they lived in town, and wished to get about, must needs form part of that patient throng.

There is nothing like a change—for the worse—of fortune to make people understand that enigma so often talked about, but which so few trouble themselves to solve, how the "other half" of the world live and move. It

seemed to Dalton that next to "mud-larking"—picking up other folks' coppers in the ooze of the river at low tide—there was nothing more unpleasant than this looking after one's own shillings and pence. What galled him still worse was the manifest efforts of his acquaintance to save him small expenses. Mr. Skipton, Q. C., was a well-meaning man in his way; but, if he had had any delicacy of mind to start with, he had thrown it overboard for the freer practice of his profession; and he very nearly lost his friend altogether (and what he would have regretted quite as much, his horses) through attempting to treat Dalton to luncheon at the club.

Toward evening, Mr. Dawkins called for him, as had been agreed upon, to take him on to his house, which was some way out in the suburbs; and was so resolute in paying for their common cab at the end of their journey that Dalton was within a very little of knocking him down at his own door-step.

"You know, my dear fellow, you must let your friends pay for you *now*," said Dawkins, and that in so loud a tone that the very footman must have heard it as he opened the door.

"Why did I promise to dine with this bound?" thought Dalton; while the other imagined him, perhaps, to be speechless with gratitude. But the host's coarseness had this good effect upon his guest, that irritation took the place of despondency, and he became quite prepared to play his part in the conversation of the evening, if not exactly to make himself agreeable.

Mr. Dawkins was a bachelor; but his house was kept for him by a widowed sister, Mrs. Jamrod, a lady of sour aspect, and a confirmed stiffness, which might have been the result of rheumatism, but was, in fact, her imitation of dignity. If she did not absolutely imagine herself to be a princess, she thought Dawkins a prince—this was a really good trait in her character, for he had been generous to her in a certain fashion—whose consanguinity ennobled her; and she honestly believed the great, staring "villa-mansion" in which they lived to be a palace. Her drawing-room fairly blazed with mirrors and gilding; the curtains were of the most brilliant damask, the sofas and conversation-chairs of the newest shapes; and the tables were loaded with books in such gorgeous binding that they looked no more intended to be read than the centre ornaments of supper-tables to be eaten. They were not read, as Dalton presently discovered in conversation with his hostess, with whom he was left alone for a few minutes, while Mr. Dawkins ran up-stairs to "tivate," as he called dressing for dinner.

"I know nothing of that class of literature," she had replied austerely to some question of his about a book; "my dear brother wishes it to have its place here, and therefore here it is; but my own studies, I am thankful to say, are confined within a very small compass—I am only a humble searcher after the Truth."

"If you find that in a small compass, my dear madam, you must be exceptionally fortunate," observed Dalton, gravely.

"Sir, there are only two books—the Book and Hervey's 'Meditations'—which, in my opinion, repay perusal. Over all the rest, time is spent in vain."

"Would you exclude Young's 'Night Thoughts' and Blair's 'Grave'?" inquired Dalton, deferentially.

"For myself, yes; for others, however—perhaps for you—they may have some edification."

"No, not for me," said Dalton, solemnly. "I am quite of your opinion as to them. If we have only our Hervey, that is sufficient in the way of complement and comment."

"I am at once surprised and delighted to hear you say so, Mr. Dalton. I had taken it for granted—I don't know why, I am sure, for Robert seldom speaks to me of his club-friends—that you were by no means seriously inclined."

"You never were more mistaken in your life, madam," said Dalton, grimly; "though I don't mean to pretend that it has been always so."

"Ah, you have had a blow—if anything can be so called that is only material, and affects our prospects in this world alone. So Robert has hinted to me. These trials are often sent for our good. Your chastening—"

"I say, none of *that*, Jane," cried Dawkins, suddenly presenting himself beside them—all shirt-front and watch-chain. "You have got hold of the wrong man altogether, for that sort of stuff. Here are the Beevors come, by jingo, *first*. Now, I am not going to have their dinner spoiled for anybody else, so mind we have it to time."

The vulgarity of the man's voice and manner had never proclaimed itself so openly to Dalton's ears as now in his own house. That he should have talked of his fallen fortunes to this hypocritical old woman was wormwood to him; and from that moment he made up his mind to strike, and not to spare. So far as the lady was concerned, he was unjust, for she really believed—so far as belief was in her—the principles she professed; while there was certainly no breach of confidence in her brother having communicated to her the fact of Dalton's ruin, which was, by this time, common talk enough. However, he had laid his hand upon his sword, and, like a soldier about to sack a town, was resolved to respect neither sex nor age.

FERRARA AND PARISINA.

FERRARA is one of the Italian capitals that have always had a special interest for me. Most travelers content themselves with going there once. I have been there several times, and I expect to be there several times more ere I make my final journey to a land where Ferraras are unknown.

What is there so attractive in that old Romagnan town, with its shrunken population, its crumbling palaces, its fever-laden atmosphere, its grass-grown streets? It is those very things, no doubt, that help to make its charm. An American is so accustomed to newness, so saturated with the contemporaneous, so inclined at home to regard

last year as a remote antiquity, that age, decay, and stagnation, are apt to be allurements abroad.

Ferrara was one of the first foreign cities I had visited whose greatness is wholly in the past, whose present has been blighted under the deepening shadow of a renowned but irrevocable history. The place, therefore, took hold of my imagination. I delighted to walk through its broad, deserted streets, and think, "This was the Forum Alieni of Tacitus; this was the ducal seat of the Estes; here Ariosto lived (he it was who called it the *Città bene avventurosa*); here Tasso loved and suffered; here Leonora flirted, to the superlative degree, with the morbidly-sensitive poet; here was the great university; here was the splendid court, which, during the sixteenth century, was unsurpassed by any court in Europe for learning, literature, and refinement."

I used to stand opposite the ancient palace reputed to have been occupied by Lucretia Borgia, and wonder what kind of domestic felicity her husband, Alfonso d'Este, enjoyed with his ceaseless uncertainty, while she slept on his heart, whether she would kiss him or kill him the next morning, or do both before nightfall. Hers, indeed, was a killing kindness. She must have been a fascinating devil, and, to a man who relished a diversified life, she could scarcely have failed to be a desirable companion.

I never tired, either, of wandering through the old castle (formerly the Ducal Palace), where Niccolo condemned poor Parisina Malatesta and her lover Ugo to the block, and saw that the sentence was speedily carried out. It is impossible not to pity the passionate pair; for they were very young, had been designed for one another, and would have been married had not Niccolo most unwisely and cruelly robbed his natural son of his betrothed, and wedded her himself. Ugo, after exhaustive supplication, submitted, because he could not help it, to this monstrous injustice, though he had adored, and still adored, his sweetheart. After his father's union, he avoided Parisina's society, as became a prudent young man under the circumstances, and even wished to have it understood that his love had changed to hate. Still was the paternal tyrant unsatisfied. He determined that the peevish boy, as he plainly regarded him, and his bride should not quarrel merely because they had been engaged, and he had seen fit to take her himself. Such a trifle as that gave no right to interfere with his sovereign will.

Ugo had pleaded with his father for his passion, and had assured him that no woman could ever supply the place of Parisina in his heart. Niccolo considered this mere sentimentalism (it is only our own feeling that is to be dignified with the name of sentiment), and told the youth that there were dozens of pretty girls in Ferrara who would be happy to console him; that love was a sham, and that when he got a little older he would recognize the fact. The hard-hearted marquis had previously been married once or twice, and had had so many amatory entanglements that it was natural he should be rather indifferent to the claims of affection,

especially when somebody else was interested therein. He had really conceived a violent passion for Parisina—albeit pretending that he felt obliged to make her his for reasons of state, and in those days to have the might was to exercise the right.

There was no resisting princely whim, which had all the force of overwhelming authority, and the unhappy youth was compelled to be the bride's frequent companion. The result was what any one less selfish and less stupid than Niccolo would have anticipated, and for their unpardonably pardonable offense he caused their heads to be cut off, and then fell to bewailing his own deliberate act, as if it had been a stroke of Fate.

It must have been a sorry sight, the execution of those devoted children—she beautiful and accomplished, he handsome and brave, both generous and much beloved. No wonder their murderer tore his hair and beat his breast, and called upon them to return from the death he had been so eager to insure them! It was very safe to summon them then: such summons is an old trick of tyrants, and will be practised endlessly. Probably it was but a bit of acting to placate his subjects, who felt very bitterly toward him for the whole proceeding. At any rate, he did not mourn very long; for within a year or two he took another wife, and forgot all about Parisina and the sharer of her sin.

All the Ferrarese to this day sympathize with the lovers, and execrate the memory of Niccolo, who has left a very bad record behind him, and who might have been removed very early in his career without disturbing the equanimity of any of his neighbors.

It is remarkable how fresh the tragedy, though it was enacted four and a half centuries since, continues to be in the minds of the people. They think little of Tasso or Ariosto, of the university, of the faded glory, or of any prominent event in the history of the city; but they remember and still talk of the unhappy love of Parisina, as if it were part of the current scandal of the place. This shows the peculiar quality of the Italians, who are all alive to romance of any sort, particularly when connected with forbidden passion.

If you stay a few days in Ferrara the sad story refuses to be banished from your memory. It assumes a contemporaneous shape: you feel enshrouded in its gloom, oppressed by its recency. Entering the frightful dungeons of the castle (at the foot of the Lion's Tower, under the chamber of the Aurora), where the lovers met their doom, you need little imagination to have the terrible scene painted upon the darkness. You can cheat yourself into the belief that you hear Parisina's choking sob—not at the dread of death, for she was calm and strong beneath the shadow of the axe, after she had been told that Ugo had been executed; that you hear the dull thud of the steel as it cleaves the quivering flesh, and the rippling of blood from the block to the ground. There is a certain fascination of the horrible about the castle, with its broad, full moat, its towers, its drawbridges, which drags you back to that shud-

dering barbarism of the fifteenth century. The immediate effect of this painful association is soon removed, however. You begin to regard the historic murder through the long vista of time, and very soon it is mellowed into a tender regret, and becomes productive of poetic feeling.

Still, the melancholy recollection lingers in your consciousness, particularly if you stay, as you are likely to do, since tolerable inns are very few in Ferrara, at La Stella d'Oro, opposite the castle. I have lain there more than one night listening to the mournful peals of the clock in one of the towers, striking the quarters as well as the hour, until, half awake, half dreaming, I have fancied the strokes announcing to Niccolo's wife and son their steadily-approaching doom. All these fancies and feelings came with my first visit, made years ago, when foreign travel, comparatively new, had power to sway my mind by the direct agency of association.

After a restless, feverish night at La Stella, largely caused by the solemn strokes of the seemingly portentous clock, I set out once more to wander through the deserted streets and squares, and feed my mind with phantasies.

On one of the crumbling houses in the Via della Giovecca I observed a placard announcing that the tragedy of "Parisina" would be represented that evening at the theatre. The name of the author, an Italian, was given; but I had never heard of him, though he had, I was told, a wide reputation in his native country. In my then mood I was very desirous to see on the stage what my mind was so full of, and I hailed the announcement with sovereign satisfaction. Ferrara has few dissipation for a stranger, and as soon as I had dined leisurely—and poorly—at the Caffè Castiglione, I went to the play-house near at hand, and took a seat in the *platea*.

Early as the hour was, a number of persons had already assembled, and, before the curtain had risen, the audience was large. The Italians are very fond of the theatre (not good, as a rule), though, from the incessant chattering they usually keep up, you would not think it. A native next me, with a national prejudice in favor of communication, volunteered to inform me that the drama was a great favorite in the kingdom, notably with his fellow-citizens, on account of its local interest. The last words impressed me as agreeing with all I had been told, and as showing that the Ferrarese consider it something they are personally concerned in.

The performance began, and, for a wonder, rapt silence pervaded the house. The soul of the entire audience was plainly in its eyes and ears. It was really interesting to watch them. They never permitted a glance or a syllable of the principal players to escape them. *Parisina*, personated by a very pretty young woman with blond hair, dark, melting eyes, and a delicious voice, and *Ugo*, done by a fervid, graceful, handsome youth, were, of course, the characters that absorbed most of the attention, although the unfortunate man who undertook *Niccolo* was by no means neglected. He looked the selfish, cruel tyrant, and he acted it to the life. If

he were a sterling artist, he must have enjoyed the cordial and palpable detestation he excited. He was almost hissed for his faithful delineation, and expressions of marked disapproval were not wanting when he delivered some atrocious sentiment as if it came from his heart. The audience, with a freshness and ingenuousness that belong to the nation, notwithstanding its cunning and artifice, evidently confounded the actors with the characters, and held those responsible for the thought and language of the author. *Parisina* and *Ugo* were perpetually greeted with applause. The men were all obviously in love with her, and all the women with him, which I was not surprised at, because both were undeniably lovable.

The drama was exceedingly sentimental, abounding in rhapsodies, throbbing with intensity. Translated into literal English, it would have been, no doubt, blazing rant, most sonorous fustian. It might have seemed so, even in the vernacular, in London or New York; but in Italy, in Ferrara, where the distressing tragedy had occurred, the ceaseless glow and exaggeration were no more than the outpouring of passion. Everything appeared vehement, fiery, but entirely natural.

During the scenes between the lovers—there were many of these—the eyes of the men glistened, the bosoms of the women heaved; the blood rose to their cheeks; they were visibly thrilled with emotion. I felt as if I were seated on the edge of the crater of a human volcano, trembling with half-suppressed force, and ready to burst into eruption at any moment. As the play advanced, there were tears and sobs everywhere. The men wept as well as the women; nor was there any attempt on the part of the former to conceal what an Anglo-Saxon always struggles heroically to hide under the assumption of having taken a sudden cold; applying his handkerchief furtively to his eyes while ostensibly using it for his emphasized nose. Such a lachrymose spectacle—hydraulic would not be too strong an adjective—it had never been my fortune to witness. Still, there is something far from disagreeable in seeing a people who are not afraid to give way to emotion, instead of suppressing it constantly as we do in America. Probably we should soon tire of seeing men literally bubbling over with sensibility; but it bears the charm of novelty at first.

The audience, native almost without exception, interested me for a while more than the play. I could not refrain from turning my head from the stage to observe the young and pretty women—never before had I beheld so many and so pretty women in a theatre—and the charmingly artless manner in which they allowed Nature to assert herself. The woe, the tenderness, the gentle ferocity, the personal absorption of the heroine, seemed to have entered into, or rather to be completely answered by, their compassionate breasts. Their extraordinary picturesqueness was heightened by their sympathetic grief. They resembled the *Matres Dolorose* which Guido, Carlo Dolci, and Sassoferrato, were so fond of painting, and, in their calmer moments, a gallery of Giorgione's exquisite

portraits. Any one of them might have passed for the original Parisina. Indeed, to have transferred their faces to canvas, and to have called them likenesses of Niccolò's ill-fated wife, would have made, I am sure, the fame and fortune of the artist, whose work would have had a special place assigned it in the principal galleries of Europe. I felt then as full truth that Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile, and wondered why all the sex did not weep a little more in public and a little less in private, purely for æsthetic reasons.

The interest of the piece deepened with its progress; the mimetic *Parisina's* art was so perfect that one never thought of it; the personation was more than a reproduction of Nature, it was Nature itself. She was a grand genius: Rachel, Ristori, Cushman, surely, had never equaled her; she evoked a sympathy wellnigh heart-breaking; she inspired one to go to her rescue; she made one believe for the moment that to stab *Niccolò* to the heart would have been justifiable, nay, glorious homicide; she grew lovelier every minute; all the tenderest passions shone through her, and were etherealized by a sort of spiritual refraction. She irradiated the whole house with her sorrow; she lifted up all her fellow-actors. *Ugo* was but a little below her. She sanctified her sin; she transfused Ferrara with herself; she made the fifteenth century live again; she restored the Estes; she brought back Boiardo, Ariosto, Tasso, the arts and arms of the splendid mediæval court; she wrought miracles by the potency of her magnificent genius, and all of us sat there spellbound, insensible of the unreality of the apparent. Manger myself, I had been gradually absorbed by her marvelous personality—fairly beguiled out of my self-consciousness. There was no longer any audience, any theatre, any eternal (or infernal) Me—nothing but eager sense and supreme sympathy. The well-worn scenes were not canvas and paint, but architecture, actuality, atmosphere, and the players characters of history.

Finally, in the last scene but one of the last act, *Ugo* and *Parisina* appeared, their arms bound with chords, the embodiment of pathos, preceded by a monk bearing a large crucifix, and followed by the ferocious headman and sundry torch-bearers, on the way to the midnight execution. They looked at one another, as they were making their exit, with such a look as one might fancy a banished angel has who beholds the last of heaven. Then they were seen upon their knees before the priest beside the block, the axe glittering in the light of the torches held by *Niccolò's* retainers, an awful bell tolling their doom; and while *Parisina*, in a tone of melting sweetness, of exquisitely touching resignation, murmured, "*Addio, Ugo, addio!*" the curtain descended slowly, and a universal sigh shuddered through the house.

I sat there motionless; the nympholepsy was upon me. I know not when I should have stirred. The voice of my neighbor, "Ah, she is an angel!" aroused me. As I got up to go I discovered that my cheeks were wet with tears. Oh, no; it must have been the falling dew of the night, or the dripping

from some Italian's eyes. American men, even when they are young, never weep.

Walking back to the inn, the castle-clock struck midnight. I was startled at the sound; I involuntarily peered through the darkness to see *Parisina* and her lover on their knees, and "*Addio, Ugo, addio!*" echoed, like the wail of a lost soul, in my ears. "And was that really acting?" I asked myself. "What wonderful, wonderful acting! Though all my life a constant theatre-goer, I have never known what acting was before. *Parisina* is not dead; she lives here in Ferrara at this moment. She was beheaded in 1425, but she has risen from her bloody grave, and is all herself again in the latter half of the nineteenth century."

I went to bed at La Stella, my mind full of what I had felt and seen. I dreamed the whole night of *Parisina Malatesta*, of her beauty, her wrongs, her unhappy love, her most pitiable death; and I awoke out of the middle ages hallowed with the poetry of time. The spirit of the present century, of criticism, of skepticism, of investigation, returned. I must have been asleep at the theatre; I must have dreamed of the performance. "Such acting was not possible anywhere, least of all in Ferrara, a poor, retrograding town with less than thirty thousand people."

Yes, I had dreamed, dreamed with my eyes open. The associations of the quondam court of the Estes had mastered me; the actors in its history had crept into my brain, and been reflected by the actors on the stage. I had witnessed the play through my imagination; I had seen in it what I had brought to it. So thoroughly had I duped myself that I began to doubt if I had been to the theatre at all; if any such drama had been presented.

To be reassured, I asked mine host after breakfast about the actress who had represented *Parisina* (wretch that I am, I no longer remember her name!), and he told me, with the hyperbole of his race, that she was splendid, illustrious, sublime. Had signore had the rare felicity to see her? I replied in the affirmative, and that I had liked her very much. He was sure of that; nobody could behold her and not be charmed with her. She was beautiful as she was gifted. Would signore be pleased to make her acquaintance? She would be delighted to meet so distinguished an American gentleman. I felt that I should be obliged to pay for that transparent flattery. [N. B.—I found it charged in my bill under the name of a bottle of Château Margaux.] Still, I was not rude enough to chide him for his polite falsehood, nor to refuse his kind offer. I told him I should be most happy to be presented to the gifted signorina, if I should remain another week. He intimated that life would be blank were he deprived of the honor and pleasure of introducing me.

I had decided instantly not to approach any nearer to my histrionic goddess. Removed from the Olympus of the stage, actresses lose much of their divinity, as I had learned by tristful experience. I still remember how, in my romantic boyhood, I had more than once found the lovely and

heart-broken *Ophelia* a very plain, prosaic creature, preternaturally addicted to Welsh rabbit and most bounteous beer; how the beautiful and immolated *Norma* had survived the vengeance of the Druid priests to appear as a florid and faded dowdy at a midnight supper.

Consequently I made no further reference to the actress who had represented *Parisina Malatesta*, though the innkeeper on several occasions revived the subject, and assured me of the perfect happiness to which I was foreordained in knowing the most gifted dramatic artist the world had yet seen.

I was afraid of such happiness. A stroke of pure happiness would kill like lightning; so one morning, ere mine host was up, I paid my bill, and fled to Florence.

Still, I bear grateful recollections of Ferrara. There are not many places on the globe that can give us a sensation, and none, not even Ferrara, that can repeat it.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

PHILISTINISM AND THE PICTURESQUE.

MR. EMERSON has spoken somewhere to the effect that all men are poets at heart, though all may not have the rhyming or melodic gift. They can be stirred by poetry if they do not utter it. It latently exists, though its power is never developed or made articulate. Holmes's stanza puts the same doctrine in happy form, where he says:

"A few may touch the tender string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them.
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!"

This is cleverly said, and describes, no doubt, a certain amount of truth. It is, at any rate, pleasant to believe that, in the midst of absorbing affairs and imperious pre-occupation of the senses, and much gross philistinism, there is a chord in the human heart—covered up, it may be, and sometimes it would seem wellnigh hopelessly lost—which, if properly approached, will vibrate to the faintest touch of the tender and true. It is the exaltation given by this out of which we create patriotism and keep alive faith. It prompts the feeling which works heroic deeds, and preserves the race from the ignoble mob of lawless passions and from despair.

How early we begin to build shrines, and decorate altars, and weave romances! The human heart that does not do these things, in some way or at some time, may be set down as on the high-road to "treason, stratagem, and spoils." All children are idealists by nature, and so point the tendency of the race. Their minds flower into sensible poetry at a suggestion; they make golden palaces out of sticks and stones; with thoughts talismanic and powerful as Aladdin's lamp, they call into being such pomp and splendor as only fertile imaginations can impose. The rough wooden cane or plain broomstick becomes in their hands a fiery steed; the table, a throne; the chairs placed in line, a train of

cars; and the play-room itself, a world in miniature, peopled with shifting characters, and flowing into every conceivable scene and situation. How plastic is this inborn spirit! The coarse carpet, or even the bare floor over which they gambol, is to them the "magic carpet" of fable, that lends itself to quick spells and enchantment. We talk of Santa Claus, but they see him. We relate wonderful stories of Jack and his beanstalk, and Cinderella and her glass slipper, and the like; but to them these things are much more real than is the prosy world to us through which the great majority wearily plod. Nothing is too marvelous for their insatiate appetite, and the problem is how to match (for we cannot over-match) their tropical expectation—their possible and pictured experience. By a quick and easy magic they transform their playmates, now into soldiers with march and music, now into courtiers with king and queen; then, in a joyous drama of lifelike frolic, they

"Lift their hands as high as the sky
To let the king and queen pass by."

In Wordsworth's incomparable "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," the passage of "the growing boy" from this natural idealism is touchingly chronicled. The poet says:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy:
The youth, who daily from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

Presently stern duties confront him; life is no longer a play-spell; and the next couplet plaintively adds:

"At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

But there are hearts that, in spite of this seemingly inflexible evolution, keep bravely young. They sternly resist the prosaic overflow that calls sentiment worthless, and risk a few illusions. To be sure, active men cannot stop to dally with dreams; the playful fancy must be often checked—the quick pulse tamed. But does this make the material existence all? Is there no strength, then, to be derived from noble memories; no refuge in some glowing hope? We admit that, in our work-day life, things come and go with dull monotony, and are altogether real and earnest. Yet, if we are to preserve any tradition whatever of beauty and high living, we shall only find it in that double reverence which clings to the past as it holds to the future. To ease the heart of its daily burdens, we keep alive some little spark of vestal flame, to be quickened when the fit occasion commands. It is a fair test of how life goes on with us, if we are thrilled or callous, when some marked object, suffused with venerable and poetic associations, is brought appealingly to our attention.

With what tenderness did Boston, for instance, surgeon and bandage, fence and coddle for so many years its noble, historic elm, over two centuries old, but which un-

happy fate has at length hopelessly destroyed! It had stood no one can tell exactly how long; but it might have been growing when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and it was spared until the rings of its bole registered the double centennial of our civilization. From the citiless, unpeopled wilderness, from ocean to ocean, until to-day—how long the span! And here was a tree that, one almost feels like saying, has visibly witnessed the slowly-growing pageant and transformation. Its loss was not merely Boston's; we thank the daily papers here for pausing to tell us that an ancient friend has gone. Saturated through and through with the varied associations of our most pregnant history, what suggestions its prostrate form awakened! Now that it can meet no more the wooing breath of Spring, shall we harshly blame the surging crowd that flocked to gather up some little fragment as a memento, or hide the poetic reverence which is to carve its body and boughs into souvenirs for the nation?

It seems more than a pity—it is a shame—now we know the Cambridge Washington Elm is on the high-road to death, that some means cannot be devised to revive it, and prolong its picturesque life. Napoleon turned his great road over the Alps aside to save a tree, and the pleasing act will, perhaps, be remembered after some of his victories are forgotten. We should have thought better of the Cambridge corporation if it had done an equally graceful thing with its line of sewerage. To step back to Boston again: there is food for reflection in the despoilment of the Old South Church. People who never saw it felt a sensible shock when they were told this sacred and venerable edifice was to be turned to the housing of a post-office, and given over to the tramp of irreverent and hurried business after so many years of devotion to things of the thought and spirit.

"Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Stopping a hole to keep the wind away,"

was a hardly more ignoble ending of a great career. In some sort it may be said of the hallowed place, as a friend of mine wrote of Palestine, in a youthful but now suppressed poem—

"Heaven so oft had opened there
That heaven seemed in the very air."

In the blur occasioned by so many swift-passing events, I do not remember if I have heard how it is to fare in the future; but I suppose the tides of business will sweep around and about as well as through it.

No sensitive reader will fail to recall, if he read it, the resolution passed by the Common Council of Quebec, not long ago, to destroy the ancient and uniquely picturesque wall of that city, and prosify and demolish its crown of honor, on behalf of the goddess of Trade. The sensation it gave was something like that which would arise from a serious proposal to blast away Niagara Falls, or to drain off the Lake of Killarney or Lake Como. But the desecration of Quebec differed from these comparisons, however, in not being a suggestion merely; it was both possible and imminent, and was, I think, partially begun.

It was a lively pleasure, I confess, to read (as I did a short time since in a prominent Canada journal) that the Dominion Parliament had taken this scheme in hand, and flatly forbidden its execution. What little damage may have been done is now to be undone, and the monumental history is to remain. For this overruling good sense we can all give thanks. The Parliament has not legislated in this act exclusively for its own people; it has earned the gratitude of the whole continent as well. But just think, for one moment, of the dense stupidity of the trusted officers of that city council, sitting in the most quaint and memorable town of this Western Hemisphere—the only piece and flavor of European-like antiquity we possess—and deliberating there how its glory and beauty should be surely destroyed! But now the readers of Howells, and of the picturesque tourists, and the "Wedding-Journeymen" of the future, may breathe more easily, for the meditated vandalism is arrested.

In London, into which Mr. Conway tells us a city of forty thousand new people is dropped every year, the demands of business speak with merciless exaction. Not seldom new streets and needed extensions and improvements sweep away without much compunction the gray monuments of the storied past. The work of the world will not stop, of course; it must go on, and thoughtful minds must be often grieved over pathetic loss. But there is no need anywhere of reckless and brutal waste. The barbarism of business is no better than that of war; and it usually has less excuse. Nor are we to be called weak if, bending a little to sentiment where we may, we save to a generation or more to come the benefit in some defended landmark of infinitely precious and quickening suggestions. It is no maudlin sentiment that defers, where deference is possible, to these things, and leans sometimes with helpful reverence upon the past. One is almost ready, when he sees something of the coarse ways of the world, and the brutal ways of local governments and common-councilors, to even respect in some measure Mr. Ruskin's recent pathetic appeal. A copy of the London *Academy* before me says:

"Mr. Ruskin has issued an invitation to all persons 'who have any regard' for him or his writings to sign a petition to Parliament to prevent the extension of railroads across the lake-country. It appears that longing eyes have been cast by those who desire to develop the material, and especially the mineral, resources of the district upon the route which passes through Ambleside to Keswick. The ostensible reason assigned is, to bring the most attractive parts of Westmoreland within reach of the tourist, who now has to walk long distances, or go to the expense of hiring a trap. But behind this the author of 'Modern Painters' detects, and no doubt rightly, the intention of converting these pleasant places of rest into a mining-region."

Mr. Ruskin's crotchets may be extreme; but, when so many voices are strident on behalf of gain, let us welcome one which sends out its ringing protest against the benumbing domination of greed, and points us to blissful Arcadias of the heart.

JORL BENTON.

A STORY OF THE SHADOWS.

WHOSO doth understand this world, with all
Life's mystery and meaning, let him go
Among some ancient, awkward stones which
lean,
Worn flaked and thin, above the dust of men,
Far back in shadows of New England hills.
'Tis there he shall be shown two simple graves,
Close-grown, wherein is what was man and wife,
And this their story shall be told him there:

The man was tall and strong, and full of youth;
The woman quiet—tenderest of her kind;
When foolish strife came up against their love,
Which sent the husband over distant seas,



And left the wife companionless, behind.
They had been lovers since the sunny days
When they were children; for their fathers
dwelt,
Near neighbors, in those quaint and quiet homes.
Now that their love had ripened till it fell,
The fair fruit bruised and bleeding, on the
ground,
Though far apart, they suffered silently,
The pain of each was all of one great grief—
The bitter present and the glad old time.
A few sad months—the wife was mother now;
And, in her strange, new world of pain and
joy,
She wandered with increasing loneliness.
She heard the Night-Wind on the awful hills,
Oft, as his troubled host he gathered there;
She saw the restless people of the shades
Go down the vale and up the mountain-side,

Like thoughts beneath the calm-eyed meaning
moon,
And, walking in her chamber, kissed the child;
Again she turned to the blue sea of night,
Where slowly swam one far, wide-driven cloud;
'Twas as the shadow of that ship which sailed
And bore the absent one to shores unknown.
She loved him. He had pride as strong as hers.
Was he to yield as in those perfect days,
Deal graciously as when she blameless reigned
In his high mind—blameless and all his own?
Neither in thought nor deed had she brought
spot
Upon the whiteness of the name she bore;
But, when he stung her with this wicked charge,
So hateful was the thought, she scorned reply,
And he, the man, interpreted her mood
As proof of guilt. Alas! could he return,
He now might see and know her as she was;

But he was gone! And with her own torn
soul
She strove, and kissed the sleeping babe, and
wept.
The years went by, but naught she heard of
him;
The child matured, and with her gentle ways
Gave peace to the lone life whose part she was—
Pure, beautiful, and as if fatherless.
Time brought the maid new charms and lovers
new;
Neither she heeded for her mother's sake—
Hers was the inborn constant sympathy
Which pities grief, unknown, uncared the cause.
But there's a sorrow kindness cannot reach—
A wound no love but love of one can heal.
The mother weakened till at length she came
To those last hours—the victories of pain.

E'en these wrenched not the secret from her
breast:
"If e'er he comes again whose eyes thou hast,
Child, lift them fully up into his face
That they may speak for me, and answer him
With proof that the dead one was innocent!"
A few calm words—those words which haunt for
aye—
And mute, without a moan, the mother died.
They buried her; and while the ground, yet
fresh,
Lay brown and cold, with spots of yellow leaves,
Through dusk and chill the maiden sought the
place.
As she drew near, a great gray shape stood
there;
Apart she watched it 'twixt the slanting tombs—
It seemed a man who had stood proudly once,
Now stooped with years. His wide cloak on the
wind
Flew back from off him, while his whitened locks,
Like long and eager fingers, grasped the air
About his head bowed down upon his breast.
Unmoved he stood, and nerved his shaking
frame
Against the wind which smote him from the
north
Till his clinched hands all palsied were with
cold.
A quick thought seized the maid; she questioned
not,
Remembered, and went softly and stood by.
There in the gloom, 'twixt daylight and the
stars,
As if in all the beauty of her youth
The dead had risen to his empty arms,
The father clasped his daughter—clasped and
kissed.
The fire, long smoldered, leaped to life again;
And in the ecstasy of boyhood's dream,
Confused, he followed, while she led him home.
When warm within the same, same cottage
walls,
The beauty of the resurrected reigned,
As 'twere the very self of her that slept—
Save his own eyes were there to answer him—
Old memories rushed upon the exile's soul,
And, with her name half uttered on his lips,
He swooned and sank. She nursed him ten-
derly.
Because his years were fewer than his woes,
She hoped he would awake, grow strong again,
And be her comfort yet for many a day.
He roused, and lay with earnest, fastened look,
Feeding upon the beauty of his child.
Nor day nor night leaving the sufferer's bed,
With myriad wondering thoughts held far within,
She ministered with more than daughter's love:
As when the moon, brooding o'er ruins old—
The gray remains of greatness struck by time—
Their spectral gloom dispels with hallowed
light—
So dwelt the radiance of those maiden eyes
Among the haggard features of the sire.
'Twas her mother's—the absent one's—request;
She'd promised and was faithful to her vow.
His speech was gone, but plain the dying man,
With that last distant look above all words,
Rejoiced in that the dead was innocent,
And, so rejoicing, fled his soul away.
This is the story of the quiet graves
Far back in shadows of New England hills;
And whoso understands this life of ours—
Its mystery and meaning—let him hear
It in the churchyard hard upon the way,
And hear it once again from her that lived
And liveth still, within the cottage near,
Her sinless, single life—companion of
Those guests which visit silent and unseen!

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

NUREMBERG COBBLE-STONES.

A FEW years ago a little pilgrim party left New York for a long journey in quest of some things which we Americans have come to think cannot be had in our own country—the languages of Continental Europe; schools where good education can be obtained at prices not ruinous to limited means; galleries and museums where art can be studied; simple ways of living which spare time to the student for other things than the cares of householding, the toil of clothes-making, the wear and tear of “ladder houses,” as our New York domicils have been well called. Whether we make a mistake in going so far from home for the acquisition of languages, or the benefit of schools, is open to question, but hardly so as regards the other objects of the journey. With all the disagreeabilities of foreign and, above all, German towns, we must concede the great superiority of their advantages in schools of painting, of music—of the arts, in short; and, while life, and mind, and hand, are fully employed and studying in reproducing and learning from their great models, we can well afford to hold in secondary importance the narrowness of our quarters, the dinginess of the furniture, the queeriness of the cooking.

The old city of Nuremberg was the first station of our pilgrimage—landed after a rapid journey from Hamburg, where everything was too civilized to deserve notice, in that oddest, unsavoiest little hotel, the Rother Hahn. Our first step literally was to go in at the door where the horses entered. The landlord showed us up the stone stair to our room, where the most conspicuous objects were large structures, oblong and covered with red-cotton slabs, with a flounce hanging gracefully over the sides. These we presently found out to be beds, with lids that could be removed at bedtime, replaced at breakfast, when it was desirable to give a more parlor air to the apartment; a horsehair sofa, very straight and hard; small “tidies” of carpet distributed at bed-sides; an entire toilet-set of glass, quite plain and clear (the inevitable *plumeau*, of course, graced each bed on its nightly arrangement). As we sat down on the little black sofa and looked at each other, we realized to the full that we were away from home, in a foreign land—in Nuremberg, in fact, where, indeed, the world seems to have come to a standstill so far as streets and buildings are concerned; where the wonderful age of the place overpowers you with a sense of the contemptible shortness of your own span of life; where human beings are an impertinence and an incongruity, and if the buildings and the cobble-stones could condescend to notice them at all it would be only to consider them as insignificant though teasing ephemera, which must be tolerated for the short human-life season, but which would disappear with the cool weather of the near future. Depositing our hand-bags, and other conveniences, in the apartment, we sallied forth in quest of a gentleman to whom we brought an introduc-

tory letter from a New York German friend. Had any one interested in our success watched the way in which we managed to find the address of this gentleman, he would surely have been impressed with admiration, and quite relieved from further uneasiness as to our capacity for “getting on” in Germany. Descending to the bureau of the hotel with the written address in hand, we looked mildly but firmly into the host’s face, and read, with as deep a guttural as we could summon, “An den Hochwohlgeborenen Herrn Inspektor Meyer, Winckler-Strasse, Numero Neun;” then, boldly exhibiting our independent German, we looked off the letter, and said, cheerfully, “Haus Dürer geboren.” It was enough. American intelligence penetrated German stolidity. Our host comprehended the situation, took us to the door, and, with many emphatic signs and a few strong words, sent us on our way instructed.

At the “Haus Dürer geboren” we found an office in which sat our gentleman, as we by presenting the letter soon proved him to be. A comical look of bewilderment overspread his kind face when he saw himself borne down upon by this remarkable company—three females full grown, one male half ditto—a strange appearance in his office, surely; but the letter soon made all right, and as “der Herr Meyer” spoke English we felt at once that the hardest of our trial was past. He did indeed speak English, but it was not ordinary English—not even ordinary German English. He had studied the language unaided by teacher or example, and the result was utterly new and original as to accent, idiom, and construction. Some of the quaint rendering of his German ideas into our words and forms of speech may give some faint notion of his attainments. To us the recollection of their amusing effect is always accompanied with the grateful memory of his unceasing kindness, his goodness, and helpfulness to the forlorn waifs whom he so comforted and cared for in that strange summer of study in the “quaint old town of toil and traffic.” But let us revert to our first meeting. Herr Meyer (it is a good name for an *alias*, and will do as well as another) instantly prepared to accompany us back to the Rother Hahn. “At least,” he said, we “could abide there a pair of days till some better lodgment might out found be.” And at the hotel (we received him in our room with the red lids on decorously) we found dinner awaiting. There were not many ladies at the *table-d’hôte*—in fact, our party were evidently “objects” in the assembly of male diners, and it happened to be a dinner of congratulation or condolence to one of the company on the event of his *Verlobung* (betrothal). The poor young man did not appear at his best, for his face was bound with a white-cotton handkerchief—toothache was upon him, and gave his features a look of being badly out of drawing—but the affectionate attentions of his bachelor friends wrought upon him, the noble Nuremberg beer and wine warmed his heart and dulled the demon at his incisor, and the bashful, not to say sheepish, look vanished gradually from his countenance.

The landlord waited on us himself, and looked so sorry when we refused any *plat* that we nearly strangled ourselves in the effort to swallow the extraordinary things presented for our nutriment, rather than seem ungracious or unappreciative. Herr Meyer rescued us at the ninth course, exhausted and with a strong reminder of sensations at sea nearly conquering us. The next day, under the auspices of our guardian, we were installed *en permanence* at the more suitable hotel of Der Deutsche Hof, and we were at once embarked on our course of study and work.

A large part of our time was necessarily devoted to the study of the language whose accents fell on our unaccustomed ears with such appalling newness—such overpowering unattainableness. To read, to write, even to speak a little, we soon were able, but to wait for the answer to our carefully-worded question, and then from the inseparable, inextricable, indistinguishable torrent of engorged and spluttering syllabification—there was the conflict! Many a time we sunk to the slough of despond—the very depths of despair—but we had Herr Meyer to inspirit us to a renewed attack on the hostile legions of case and gender and form, till at last there was a slight victory gained and a vantage-ground reached whence we could proclaim our wants and wishes in the several departments of eating and clothing and objects of study. Nuremberg has been so often and so well described that there is but little opportunity left for speaking of the real wonders of the old city. Our haunts were chiefly the museum, the churches, and the heights of the Kaiserburg, toward which our steps were generally turned at very early morning hours. Our boy Walter, who, being just at the receptive age, learned the German tongue with wonderful quickness, soon became very clever in bargaining with the old women of the cherry-market. From the beginning of the cherry-season these venders took up their position in the narrow street by the Frauen-Kirche, where they sat behind their great baskets piled with the beautiful fresh fruit. There was hardly room between these rows of cherry-women for a single wagon and its heavy-footed, clumsy horse. One morning as we were making the usual purchase to fill our lunch-baskets, while Walter waited the evolving of the small money from the depths of the Frau’s inner pocket, a heavy dray came lumbering up the street. A peasant, too absorbed in cherry-buying to put sufficient space between himself and the wheels, made a vain effort to escape: the only result was that he sat suddenly and succulently into the cherry-basket of an expansive Frau.

The poor man’s dismay as, when the wagon had passed, he rose from his fruity couch, dripping celestial rosy-red, was comical to see, but the Frau beheld far more tragedy than comedy. “Ach! Jesus—Maria—Joseph!” she screamed in one breath. In that situation, and tearing the red-cotton kerchief from her brown neck, she pursued the unlucky cherry-bouncer up and down the street, making furious flaps at him with the outspread kerchief, while all the market shouted and jeered, and Walter joined the

chase in ecstasy of boyish glee, while we stood convulsed with laughter. The Frau herself, having exhausted her ire, returned to her crushed cherry-basket and wisely set herself to make the best of her remaining cherries.

When we had climbed the steep hill, sustained by the refreshing cherries, a delightful rest awaited us, much needed after the climb and the cobble-stones. If the Irishman's penance which condemned him to a pilgrimage with peas in his shoes had been laid on him in Nuremberg, surely the sternest father confessor might have remitted the peas in consideration of the cobble-stones, and if he had worn for the passage shoes called "stout" in New York, but no more fitted to encounter German cobble-stones than if they had been made of Berlin wool, the penance would have been so efficacious as to have filled up the measure of expiation for the natural term of his life. Quietly seated by the "Ritter's Leap," where the robber knight left the impress of his horse's hoof on the wall whence he sprung, we would begin our drawing and continue peacefully occupied for a time; then too surely would the small hordes of "Spitzbuben" sallied forth to attack us on front, and rear, and in flank. Patience was our only remedy, unless, as sometimes happened, an incensed Frau Mutter sallied out and charged the young ruffians, sending them flying with word and blow.

More peaceful haunts for study were accessible in the wonderfully-beautiful Lorenz-Kirche and the church of St. Sebaldus, the old, old walls and court of the Rathaus. In the little hostelry called the Glöcklein, the resort of Hans Sachs, the immortal friend and boon companion of Albrecht Dürer, we often sat (the gray hairs of the mother saving us from the too curious glances of the academic students); there we had our lunch of the famous broiled sausages and more famous beer. Happy days, which even the remembrance of the cobble-stones and the too permeating sourcrot cannot divest of their charm! But it was at our bit of family life in the evening that our greatest pleasure came to us, when our friend Meyer, joined by his two intimate and youthful companions, with whom we had also become "befriended," came for a *serious study on the English speech*. Then did Herr Meyer's wonderful philological genius shine forth. He instructed us in his own language with great perspicuity and lasting effect, while in return we led him to tell us many German stories and legends in our English tongue. "Dear, honored ladies," he would say, "as in my youth I took an affection to travel, I heard oft number of strange circumstances. If one of the Fräulein will take a slice of paper and thereon make remarks during that I speak, much it may make of amusement in the after-time. Of the formerly times in Germany I acquaint myself from many stories; couple of these I now find in my thinking and will to the company relate:

"DOM (CATHEDRAL) IN BAMBERG.

"There stays a stone on the right side of the Dom; this stone makes the remembrance

to an event that comes to pass when the Dom is builded, and the matter is—innumerable number of polliwigs—before they become frogs—crowd under the earth from the Dom Place, so that the bishops, priests, and folk of Bamberg feared it could perhaps fall the spire. The bishop, seeing not otherwise help, prays to God and spoke a bishoply bless as concerning polliwigs, and the effect were—that they went off! Very well is it, that, to remember, to people that lives to future times, the men had fixed this stone. Of symbolish form, it takes some remembrance of the time which was of the old Romanesque and of the Basilican style, beginning of the Gothic, before the Christly style. Some thought of the sky and of the trees arching made first the Gothic, when upon the plain forms of the Greeks the Romans set their arches. When the Germans became a people of arts they intended to serve God so near as possible, so they take an arch, who brought them nearer to him, and this way to serve God and build churches were finished in yon moment when the books were printed." (At the time of the invention of printing, he meant.)

"THE DISRESPECTFUL YOUTH.

"In the middle ages in Nuremberg lived a family from patrician descent. The husband dies—the lady became very sorry for that, and has so much tears about this fact that two handkerchiefs from best stuff are gone in pieces. At yon time in Nuremberg lived an horsekeeper's after-born son. He had been once sitting with other fellows and speaking about this lady. In a manner which were as jocular as fatal, he says that he soon could ride his father's horses in the *swim* from the lady's house. The lady heard about it and had an anger, and did claim against the rude youth in a court of justice. He were condemned by court to get few *pinces* of warm irons and were condemned to go on the knees and to avoid to see the city and its environs for three years, for he had destroyed the house-peace of a right honorable patrician wife; and that is done unless he were a *respectable* citizen's after-born son. In those formerly times each division of class had the price for dress (could spend only so much on dress). No citizen's wife could wear fur, ever so rich she might be."

Dear, good Herr Meyer, it is not with any intention of ridiculing him that we here reproduce his German English, but it was carefully kept by us, as it was the last which we obtained from him. His letters after our removal to Munich would come regularly to us, and generally contained some delightful specimens of his style, but we had left Walter behind us at school, under Herr Meyer's supervision, and his companionship and conversation made a rapid improvement in the English of his good friend. The school did not satisfy Herr Meyer in the quality of the board it afforded to "the boy," as he always called his young friend, and he wrote to us that he had decided to withdraw him from the *pension* and take him to his own snug, bachelor apartment. His letter to us on that occasion does honor to his heart, and surely a few words more or less displaced could only

enhance the pleasure of its perusal. "The death of the establishment had occurred on the other day," he wrote. "He had strong sickness, but exhausted very calm. His son, who now makes the business of the school, I do not like to trust 'the boy' with any more—this boy is not brought up in the house of a tailor and will not on the poor victual get strong—he needs each day a good glass wine and the soup also not from leanest of cattle—and also the cold weather draws near and the boy must be well up in wool" (be provided with woolen underclothes). Herr Meyer took care of "the boy," and there was a joyful meeting when he brought him to us in Munich at Christmas; there was a close and strong friendship established between the pair; the only drawback which it had for us was that Herr Meyer's English was not half so unconventional. One other saying of his do we remember with the same racy originality of expression as his first conversations and translations contained. There had been much talk about some of the home branches of our family moving to a Western ranch. There was such an idea of vastness to us in our little German lodging involved in the contemplation of a Colorado farm that we dwelt on it and talked it over, making delightful pictures of a great, free experience of life in the parks of the Rocky Mountains. Of course, Walter would have his friend also enthusiastic about it, and talked of the great herds of cattle which were to be raised at enormous profit, for the markets of the world, but the bigness of the thing seemed rather discouraging to our Nuremberg friend. "Well, boy, I do not know about it," he said, "I like best my house, my garden, and my cattle mill feeders, what go cock-a-doodle-doo!" He has them now, the dear fellow, and a charming little German Frau besides, who bewitched him out of his old bachelorhood, but we are sure that, whatever the conditions of his life may be, they will never make him other than the kind friend and the true-hearted gentleman who smoothed for us some of the rough places of life, and helped us over the hardships of the German tongue and the Nuremberg cobble-stones.

M. DESPARD.

INSIDE A JAPANESE HOUSE.

I LIVED in a Japanese house in Fukui seven months, during which time I became well acquainted with the ins and outs of the old mansion, and its behavior in seasons of storm, typhoon, and earthquake. As all visitors to the Centennial will see, and as all may read of, the *outside*, let me describe the interior of a Japanese house.

Neatness and simplicity are the characteristics of the people in the mikado's empire. Paint is rarely used on the woodwork, the delicate grain and fragrance of the native woods being too highly appreciated. After a month's residence in Japan one wonders why we spoil so much beauty by smearing it over with oil pigments.

In a Japanese house parts of the wood-

work are lacquered. This substance, laid on as varnish, leaves a hard, lustrous surface, difficult to scratch. Woe be to him who touches or approaches it when it is fresh! "Lacquer-poisoning" is a temporary purgatory of itch, rash, and swelling. Respectable ladies and gentlemen look like prize-fighters after the last round for the championship. In aggravated cases, the eyes close entirely, and the nose bursts into fiery bloom. The misery lasts a week or more; but some persons are never affected by the sap.

The floor is laid with *tatami* of rice-straw, two inches thick, made into mats six feet long, and bound by an inch border of black cloth. The face of the mat is of fine, smooth grass, like that in our best matting. Being so closely laid, the floor reminds one of a colossal chess-board. The joints are so tight that there are no draughts; and the air at the floor is of a singularly warm temperature.

The ceiling is of thin boards of wood, grained like watered silk, crossed by black, lacquered strips of wood, meerscham, or colored bamboo. Plaster on the ceiling is decidedly unpopular on account of earthquakes. The Japanese are not so passionately fond of knowledge as to wish to see the law of gravity illustrated at every chill of Mother Earth by having their skulls cracked by falling lime. On the walls, after a priming of common waste, the ornamented or gilt paper is pasted. The ceiling is rarely so covered.

Closets, chimneys, or sashed casements, were unknown until recently, though cuddly-holes for small articles are made, and often exquisitely adorned. Cabinets and chests of drawers have their place. In the kitchen the smoke wanders out at its own sweet will. Charcoal, which is used for warmth, is smokeless and odorless. One would suppose the use of this fuel to be dangerous, but, though I often inquired, I never heard of a native losing his life by it. The openness of the houses prevents ill effects. Its use for suicidal purposes is utterly unknown. This phase of French civilization is not yet in vogue in Japan.

In summer a Japanese house makes a pleasant dwelling-place; in the cold winter it is simply abominable. North of Osaka one needs fire six months in the year; but the Japanese have no safe or convenient method of warming their houses, using only the *hibachi* (fire-bowl). My recollections of Japanese houses in winter, or rather of my condition while in them, are of cold that penetrated to the spinal marrow, and made my teeth chatter most impolitely, while the contemptible brazier with its pitiful warmth served only to make cold visible. Though uncomfortable to a foreigner, these houses are less so to a Japanese. As the cold weather increases, the natives put on additional layers of clothing, like skins to an onion, until they have as many as four, six, or even eight thicknesses of clothing. With their padded long-clothes confining the heat of their bodies, as they sit in their kneeling fashion on the thick mats, they need warmth only on their hands, which the handful of coals easily yields.

The kitchen is called *dai-dokoro* (great place), which sufficiently indicates why the children of the gods locate the seat of affections in the stomach. The chief piece of furniture is the furnace, made of earth or plaster, with two cavities for rice-boiler and teakettle. The fuel is of split wood, which is much cheaper in Japan than in China, where hot water is regularly sold in shops to people too poor to have a fire. As the Japanese do everything upside down, as we think, the blade of the axe for splitting wood is set at right angles to the handle.

In lieu of a bellows—an artificial pair of lungs to blow the fire—the Japanese use Nature's own, and a bamboo tube carries the needed oxygen from the mouth to the fire. In addition there are iron and brass cooking-pots with wooden covers. Charcoal is used for broiling when the birds, fish, or bean-curd, are spitted or laid on gridirons. A thick cutting-board, and flat-sided knife to slice vegetables, another dirk-like one to slice raw fish, and an edgeless sheet of brass for bean-curd, are among the necessary implements. A rasp, or unperforated piece of iron, is kept for grating purposes. Tubs, pails of all sizes, and dippers, are made wholly of bamboo or of wood. The tinware, now so common throughout the country, came into general use since the opening of the country to foreigners. Mortars of wood and stone, and sieves and baskets, are much used. The domestic hand-mill is in all respects similar to those with which a knowledge of Biblical antiquities acquaints us, and is used especially to grind *miso*, or bean preparation. No such thing as fork (*niku-sashi*, "meat-sticker") or spoon is known to the Japanese cook. He digs out the boiled rice with a flat paddle, or a scoop only slightly countersunk. Pieces of flat bamboo, with the end slightly indented like a spoon and lacquered in the cavity, are called *saji*. Foreigners in Japanese hotels, thirstily yearning for a teaspoon, are sadly perplexed at the sight of the nondescript wooden *saji* produced at their call. Since the native of Japan neither defiles his tea with milk nor spoils its flavor with sugar, his nation has lived without the knowledge of a teaspoon, or even the need of it.

Of furniture, in one sense of the word, there is, in a Japanese house, almost none. The casual visitor sees no sofa, chairs, tables, stoves, curtains, or hat-rack. In the parlor, or room for receiving guests, are seen in the *tokonoma*, or raised space, a handsome sword-rack, flower-vases, bronzes, or lacquered ware. In the ladies' chamber will be found bureaus, mirror or toilet stands, needle-work-boxes, cabinets, racks for dresses, but all these are Lilliputian in size, and it may be seen at a glance that they are to be used when kneeling or sitting on the floor. The fact that everything is done on the floor explains in great part why the Japanese are so courtly and ceremonial in their customs. What is a bedchamber at night is usually put to some other use during the day. Bed-time come, the sliding-door closets are opened, and the bedclothes brought in. One or two quilts are laid on the floor. Near the upper one is laid the pillow—a

block of wood with a small pad. The paper pillow-case, in well-kept houses, is renewed every day. An enormous and thickly-padded loose coat, made of silk or cotton, is laid on the top, and fits nicely to the body. This is the covering. On this sort of couch all Japanese have slept since time immemorial. Among a few of the richest families the bedding is of silk. With the great mass of people it is of the usual dark-blue, quilted, cotton cloth. The object of the Japanese pillow is, evidently, so to rest the head as not to disarrange the coiffure. With the woman, this is a matter of importance, since it usually requires an hour or two for the work of arranging her hair. Hence the priest, whose head is shorn, does not use a pillow of the usual kind, but a more luxurious one made round, and resembling one like ours, though much smaller. This is called the *bosu-makura*, or priest's pillow. In a Japanese hotel I always called for one of the latter pattern.

In summer, when the mosquitoes make their appearance (for Japan is equally favored with the rest of the world with these pests), mosquito-nets are found in every household that can afford them. The Japanese netting is good and strong, though rather coarse. It is mostly pink or green. The nets (*kacho*) are made in the form of a cube. They are hung by brass rings and cords to other brass rings in the woodwork on the corners of the room, occupying nearly the entire space of the room. They thoroughly answer their purpose. When a Japanese widow chooses to consider it leap-year, and wishes to secure a partner, she simply hints to a favored suitor that her mosquito-net is too large! For the baby's naps a smaller one is provided.

The eating arrangements of the Japanese correspond to their sleeping and visiting. It is all done on the floor. In a family, or party, a little table is set before each person. This table is from four to six inches high, and about a foot broad, having a raised edge of one inch high. On this are laid four covered bowls, a little dish of pickles or sauce, and at the right-hand side a pair of chopsticks wrapped in white paper, or in the case belonging to each person, which has his name written on it. The rice-cup is of porcelain; the others are usually of lacquered wood. The rice is attacked first. The maid-servant sits in the midst of the circle, in charge of the wooden bucket of rice, and replenishes each cup as it is emptied, receiving it on her lacquered tray, and passing it with a bow. She is also in charge of the teapot, for many like to have *cha* (the original of our word tea) poured over their bowls of rice.

It is wonderful what may be done with chopsticks. Even the little baby can use them; and I have seen fish most dexterously carved and served by the two sticks; And soup can be eaten with them—provided it is not too thin. A new guest always has a new pair of sticks, usually in the form of one piece of fresh, clean wood, partly split, so that he can finish the process himself, and, by making two sticks of one, prove that it has not yet been used.

Japanese diet is almost entirely vegetable. Boiled rice three times a day, eaten plain, without sugar or raisins, with nothing upon it but salt, is the staple food of the masses of the people. In many parts of the country, rice is a rare luxury among the laboring-classes, who subsist on millet. All kinds of fish are eaten. Along the seacoast fresh fish is cheap and plentiful, but, in the interior, where the rivers or salted supplies are the only dependence, it is costly and a luxury. Wheat is used almost exclusively in the form of vermicelli and macaroni, and in a sort of boiled cake. Buckwheat is employed chiefly as pastry, to cover a paste made of beans and sugar, or it is cut into strips and eaten as vermicelli. Of edible vegetables there is a very great number, and but few escape the teeth of the Japanese, who eat them either raw or cooked. Probably the most common root is the *daikon*, a large radish. It is a long, silvery-skinned mass of white, from one to two feet long, and often four inches thick. It is eaten raw, pickled, or boiled. It is preserved in brin and salt, though in that condition its odor is intolerable to foreign olfactories. The preparation of the crop of this root in autumn is a great day in a Japanese town or village, and is fully equal to house-cleaning-day in the United States. You must not call on, or in any way interfere with, Japanese womankind on "*daikon*-day." All the tubs, kettles, and pans, scrubbing-brushes, knives, etc., of the town are in requisition, and the whole populace cut off tops, scrub, tie together, hang up to dry, or put in pickle, *daikon*. For a week thereafter they depend by dozens in successive rungs like a ladder, in front of houses and flats. *Daikon* is the winter stand-by of the Japanese housekeeper. A *daikon* has no arms or legs, no speculation in its eye, no expression in its countenance, cannot talk properly; in other words, this long white radish is neither a good tragedian nor comedian. Hence, in a rural Japanese theatre, when the actor plays poorly, as the audience do not hiss, they cry, "*Daikon! daikon!*"

WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

BURNING THE WHITE DOG.

"THE Pagous going to have their ceremonies again next week. The sixth day they will burn the white dog; you must come and see them," wrote Hu-ye-no, i. e., Track-in-the-water, a young Christian Indian boy.

The day designated, January 22d, broke amid a howling storm. The wind blew; the snow flew across the road, piling great drifts; and the weather was quite cold.

"Impossible to go," said the good man of the house; "take your death."

But where three women are concerned, who ever heard of impossibilities for a sleigh-ride, and especially with such an inducement as witnessing the chief religious ceremony of the ancient Iroquois, practised to-day in the heart of the great Empire State as it had been

for generations when Columbus discovered America? We had risen much before the usual hour for our ride of fourteen miles, so we hurried through breakfast; the horse was brought to the door, hot soap-stones, hot bricks, blankets, and robes, provided in abundance, and, with a willing young masculine pressed into service as driver, off we started. I, who had been ill for two days, and not out of the house for a fortnight, felt myself grow better every moment of the way. The breezy air drove all cobwebs from my brain; the excitement of the ride, and the expectation of the wonders at its end, removed any lingering trace of illness; and, as the snow whirled across my face, my only care was to inquire if all were warm.

As we reached the council-house at Onondaga, we saw a number of Indians about it firing guns and halloing; but we drove on to get Hu-ye-no as our guide. Soon, with himself, his pretty married sister—whose "white folk's" name of Martha is not so euphonious as her Indian one of Ger-wa-ne-yank—and little Danny, who beats the big bass-drum in the Indian brass-band, we were within the council-house, watching every movement with intense interest. Precisely at noon the ceremonies are begun, as it is an old-time Indian belief that the latter part of the day belongs to the spirits of evil. The chief participators in the ceremonies were still out-of-doors firing guns, and engaged in other preparations; but within we found, as at Messicwatah, the squaws gathered around the open fireplace, and the Indians clustered about the box-stove at the opposite end of the building.

Small notice was taken of our entrance; men and women were alike absorbed in this their chief religious ceremony of the year. As each old squaw came in, she stepped toward the end of the room where the Indian men were congregated, and addressed one whose chin, cheeks, and hat, bedaubed with vermilion, proclaimed some authority.

The Indians who had been firing outside of the building now entered, guns in hand. A long board was laid on the floor, and a small, covered, gayly-painted basket, decorated with strings of wampum, with ribbons and bright-colored cloth, carefully placed in the middle of it.

The Indians seem to have no regular priesthood, but "keepers of the faith" are chosen among both men and women in equal numbers. Their duty is to look after the morals of the people, admonish their sins, and see that sacred rites are duly performed. Old Susannah, "a pagan of the pagans," the most respected "keeper of the faith," suggesting some change, the basket was taken to the window, a small brown-paper parcel removed, and again placed upon the board. Soon three Indians, each with some distinctive feature of dress, came in and began a slow march about this board, chanting, in minor key, "Heh gano ho." The one who took precedence wore a tall head-dress of turkey-feathers that lessened in height, sloping to a point below the middle of his back, where it terminated in two bright-red streamers. The band supporting the feathers was also bright red. We designated him

Feather Crown. His face was smeared with vermilion daubs, and his coarse, black hair hung in lank locks. He had on Indian old-style beaded leggings, and about his neck hung suspended a long, broad band of wampum of the sacred white beads, which color is alone used in religious services. These should have been his only garments, but by reason of the biting cold custom was superseded, and, above the wampum, Chief Feather Crown wore a long, dingy old coat of white man's make. Following him came a younger Indian, whose only peculiarity of dress was a beaded cap of white wampum, but over his shoulder was a green ribbon, and suspended from it by its feet, as hunters carry knapsacks, hung the white dog, his limp head falling back, his hair profusely smeared with red paint, while strings of white wampum, and many-colored ribbons, and bits of worsted cloth, decked his dead body. The white dog is not burned alive, neither is his blood allowed to be shed; a slip-knot in the centre of a long rope is deftly cast over the dog's head; the ends are seized by whooping Indians, who hurriedly run in opposite directions; and thus as many as can hold the rope have a share in the victim's death.

Following the dog-bearer came a third chief, known as a most bitter hater of the whites. His long hair, usually worn in braids, now floated free over his shoulders, and seemed in unison with his hate-glancing black eyes. In one of his hands he carried a small, empty splint basket, without cover.

The bearer of the dog took the covered basket in his hand, while the leader devoted himself to the principal duties, among which is defining the significance of dreams. These pagan Indians, and even the Christianized ones, are much guided by dreams. Half a dozen Indians of sedate aspect sat together on a bench near one end of the board about which the three chiefs were marching. After two or three preliminary rounds of song and circuits of the board, the Indian nearest the end of the bench rose, and, as Feather Crown approached, began to speak earnestly to him in a low voice. The chief attentively listened; at its close ejaculated "Hoo!" and resumed his march and song with a slight variation of syllables, "Yeh, gan-o-ho!" now being the refrain. As he again came around, a second Indian rose and went through the same ceremony. Again, as before, the Feather Chief intently listened; again, as before, ejaculated "Hoo!" again, as before, followed by the dog and basket-bearer, resumed the march and song. After the five sitting Indians had thus related their dreams, Feather Crown addressed them earnestly. At the close of his remarks, the presiding squaw, "keeper of the faith," ejaculated "Hoo!" the whole chorus of Indians responded "Heh, heh, heh, heh!" followed by the chant of the chiefs, "Yo he gano, yo he gana!" After this came again the chorus, "Yeh!" This chant and chorus are entirely unlike in accent and spirit; the chant prolonged, especially on the last syllable, into a wail; the answering chorus short, quick, and enlivening. It is said the religious songs of the Five Nations are in a language now forgotten, and

their real meaning is not understood even by the "keepers of the faith."

Adair's "American Indians," a book written a hundred years ago, speaks of the "sacred notes" of the Choctaws, "Yo, He, He, Wah, Wah," as similar to the sacred name Jehovah, and says, "The ark, the mercy-seat, and cherubim, were the very essence of Levitical law, and were often called the testimony of Yohewah." Whence their religion was derived, whether the Indians themselves are autochthones, and it grew up with their growth to its present form, or whether they are descendants of wandering tribes, who brought their religion with them, is not yet a settled question.

Old Susannah, whose Indian name has escaped me, wears no covering on her head, summer or winter. Her age is great; the respect and fear in which she is held are also great. An occasional "Hoo!" from her lips was always quickly answered by a chorus of "Heh, heh, heh, heh!" in rising voice and triumphant accent. As "keeper of the faith," it is her right and duty to prompt any speaker, as well as to direct the proceedings in ancient order. Through her mouth come down the religious traditions of her nation.

Again Feather Chief sung "Yo he gano, yo he gana!"—this slight change on the last syllable the only perceptible variation of tone in an otherwise monotonous chant.

This part of the proceedings complete, the three chiefs left the council-house; those who remained cleared the approach to the fireplace and raked open the hot embers. Loud singing outside was heard; a procession of men and women came in and marched twice about the benches that had replaced the board in the centre of the room. Unchecked by the storm, they filed about the smaller council-house, and, still preceded by the three chiefs, all entered the large council-house once more, and clustered around the open fireplace.

Old Feather Chief's hands were held partly crossed before his face in devotional or blessing position. The dog was thrown on the fire. Not a word was spoken. All was silent till the flames, with quick grasp, had burned off the gay adornments, blackened and crisped the white skin. Feather Chief then addressed the people, who listened attentively to all he said; at the close of his remarks he sung once more, and was answered by the joyous chorus, "Heh! heh!" to which time was kept by the feet. The two baskets were also thrown on the fire; the covered ones contained an offering of tobacco, which plant is looked upon by the Indians as having been an especial gift to them from the Great Spirit, and is one of their most holy propitiatory offerings.

Addresses were made by other chiefs and various Indians. While Feather Chief made his long address, occasional responses in a low tone were heard. Once or twice the principal "keeper of faith" before referred to, Old Susannah, crossed over to Feather Chief, who, with raised hands and bent head, respectfully listened to her suggestions.

Occasional whoops, as part of the services, were suggestive to white spectators of

ought else than a religion of peace and goodwill.

Fresh wood was added to the fire, and the dog soon burned to ashes, the open chimney bearing all unpleasant fumes into the wintry air. When the last vestige had vanished from sight, the whole company burst into the joyous "Yeh heh, yeh heh!" keeping vigorous time with feet. The proceedings closed with a prolonged whoop, and thus ended one more pagan rite in Central New York, the like of which is practised each year.

I asked a Christianized Indian the meaning of these ceremonies. Slowly, and with apparent effort to express himself, he said, "Ingin think when he die he cross big river. If he been good Ingin, dog take him across; if he be bad Ingin, when he get in middle of river, dog let him drown."

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN English critic talks about a hoped-for return of simplicity in dress and furniture. This utterance is in accord with sentiments very common in the popular speech—sentiments which assume that modern life is far more ornate and artificial than life in past periods. Prevalent as this notion is, it is wholly a mistaken one. No idea, however, can be generally current without some foundation for it; it is, therefore, true that if one makes certain limited comparisons he will discover evidence in support of this assertion. If, for instance, one compares the life of the people of early New England with that of their descendants of to-day, he will find very marked confirmation of the accepted theory. On the other hand, a broad comparison of one century with another, of the life of civilized peoples of the eighteenth or other earlier century with the life of civilized people of this century, will elicit a very different deduction. There is absolutely not one fashion now current, not a taste in dress, furniture, or ornament, that is not a revival of tastes in those things in by-gone periods. We have invented nothing, we have elaborated nothing; we have only imperfectly reproduced the excesses, copied the styles, and fallen into the manias of our ancestors. This fact really settles the whole question; for, if it is true that, with all the talk about old-fashioned simplicity and modern excess, it can be shown that every detail of this excess is derived from the very times that are held up to us as models of moderation, then, obviously, the censures and criticisms so abundant are all wrong.

And yet that we do no more than revive past fashions, in so far as present fashions are ornamental, is certain. We are original only in those directions that involve simplicity. Men's attire, for instance, is quite

unlike old styles, but its departure has been severely in the direction of plainness, simplicity—and ugliness. In those matters that involve elaboration, artifice, display, we have gone back to our forefathers for the inspiration and the instruction—and, so far, have failed to come up to them. If one could see the extent to which elaborate carving can be carried, let him study the old cabinet-ware at the Hôtel de Cluny, Paris, or at the Kensington Museum, London, or such examples as he may find in the museums in America; or let him recall to mind the old furniture he has seen—the four-post bedsteads, with every part covered with elaborate designs; or the old cabinets, upon which the industrious carver has not left an inch of space untouched; or the leather-stamped chairs, overrunning with quaint devices. These remains of past industry and taste have many things to claim our admiration, but simplicity is not one of them. If we permit our memory to run back over the past, it will bring up pictures of halls richly wainscoted; of mantel-pieces lifting to the ceiling, in which sculptural ornamentation has taxed the inventive imagination of the artist to the utmost; of ceilings overwrought with devices; of men and women moving amid the scene upon whom satins, silks, laces, ribbons, feathers, jewels, have been lavished in rich but studied profusion. If we recall these pictures of the past the current lament over modern departure from simplicity will seem absurd enough.

This point is to be observed, however: the pomp and splendor of the past were honest in character; there were no cheap and showy substitutes for real material and earnest labor. Veneering was unknown; the carving was done by hand, and not by machinery; the ornamentation was part of the structure, and not glued upon or attached to it; the dresses of satins and silks knew no admixture with baser material. As a consequence, only the wealthy indulged their tastes in this way. But now machinery has facilitated manufactures so much, and ingenious workmen have found so many ways of imitating by cheap processes the elaborate workmanship of the old artisans, that flimsy and bad ornamentation injures the beauty and destroys the integrity of a good deal of our work. This it is right enough to denounce. But it is quite misleading, in the warfare upon meritorious ornamentation, to assume that we carve, gild, and decorate, more now than in former periods of the world's history. Old churches, old houses, old furniture, old dress, old china, old lace, all show a passion for color and a love of decoration that we to-day are only in part reviving.

IN a recent number we adverted to the curious degree to which the habits and pur-

suits of one country are apt to be gradually adopted by another, and pointed to the eagerness with which rinking, now nearly obsolete here, had been entered upon in England, and carried on with a protracted and general enthusiasm, such as throws all our performances of the kind quite into the shade.

Rinks have started up in all directions. In London they are of all sorts, sizes, and character, from those in which the proletariat disports itself to Prince's, where the *crème de la crème* seem never tired of wheeling around by day, albeit they are whirling in waltzes all night.

The English certainly seem to take up anything new in the way of recreation with an ardor altogether exceptional. There are yet a few who can recall the waltz-rage which took possession of London for several years about sixty years ago. Raikes, the agreeable diarist, declares that "no event ever produced so great a sensation in English society;" old and young returned to school, and mornings which had been whiled away lounging in the park were now devoted to practising the new dance. Its prime introducer and strenuous advocate was the Duke of Devonshire, son of the gifted Georgiana immortalized by Macaulay. Lady Palmerston, then Lady Cowper, and other ladies, patronesses of Almack's, then in the zenith of its renown, smiled upon the innovation, and Lord Palmerston, and the Princess de Lieven, the most eminent *diplomats* of her day, were among the first couples who took the floor. And here we have, perhaps, the cause of this ardor in the pursuit of novelties in amusement to which we have referred.

The English upper classes are of a different type and class, in many respects, from any other, and have a far more ramifying influence. Continually absorbing into their system new blood, their *physique* has never deteriorated like that of the *grande*es of Spain and other aristocracies who have for generations intermarried almost exclusively among themselves. When a young guardsman at Madrid omitted at court to make an obeisance to a high functionary, and pleaded, in apology, ignorance of his grace's exalted rank, the duke observed: "The safest way is, conclude every one in the palace who looks like a monkey to be a grandee of the first class." But no one could say this of English gentlemen. A very observant Frenchman who traveled many years ago throughout England, observed that, while in France the soldiers were, on the average, larger and finer men than the officers, in England it was precisely the reverse. Given, then, a large number of young men and women—for many will recall Taine's

admiring comments anent the perfect health of the young ladies riding in Rotten Row—

"In glowing health,
With boundless wealth"—

and very little to do but to amuse themselves, and it may easily be understood how vigorous a machinery exists for the prosecution of amusement. And where they lead, the rest follow. The humble are resolved to share, as far as they can, the pursuits of the high. The young nobleman takes a moor in Scotland—another rage in later days—and the young clerk is not content unless he gets his fortnight amid the stubbles. Different classes in the country are thus remarkably in sympathy as to their pleasures, and hence an English or Irish race-course presents the animated and popular scene it does—the ragtail and bobtail who crowd it taking, in many cases, almost as much interest in the race as my lord who wins it.

It is in this, we believe, that polo, pun-kery, pigeon-shooting, and other such amusements, came to be taken up and kept going so actively. In this country, although affluence is wide-spread, there is not a class which sets the fashion to the million in the same way, nor are there very many young men who can afford to give such time to these pursuits, and, in addition, the climate in England is, taking the year through, unquestionably more favorable to active physical exertion. It has required the combination of causes which we have enumerated, and which are to be found in no other country, to give England this preëminence in pursuits involving physical activity. But the tide of fashion may turn in some different direction, and in another twenty years the taste for such things be as slight as it was among men of the first fashion in Lord Chesterfield's day, who openly expressed his contempt for field-sports, and who, it has been observed, only dates one of his letters from his country-seat. Something between these two extremes is what would be desirable. The muscular rage has developed an undesirable side, and there are many thoughtful men who are anxious now to repress rather than stimulate what is calculated to lead to an excess of animalism.

WHAT a certain young English girl, named Elizabeth Tracey, aged sixteen, thinks of law and justice as they are in her country, it might be interesting to know. Doubtless she had been brought up to understand that if she should do this or that bad thing she would be brought before that dread body, the magistrates, and perhaps cast into that abode of loneliness and horror, the county jail. Her advantages for the study of subtle legal distinctions were, indeed, of the

smallest; for she is a laborer's daughter, and began life as a farm-maid. She probably never saw a city, much less a law-court, in her life; the wigs of "lordships" are, very likely, a fashion utterly strange to her; and, if she knew there were such things as prisons, it may well have been because she was frightened by their vague terrors, as a method of maternal warning, when she was in her pinafores. Latterly, however, Elizabeth Tracey has acquired quite an extensive practical knowledge of certain phases of British justice; and so deeply has this been impressed upon her mind that it would not be surprising if her whole view of the world's affairs were permanently changed by it. She was serving as farm-maid to a farmer in her native village. One morning, last September, she was sent to the woodshed for some wood. There is some reason to suppose that, while there, she dropped a brooch. At all events, she lit a match to search for it, and then threw the match away. Presently the woodshed was found to be on fire. The fire was speedily put out; but Elizabeth was forthwith arrested, and next morning carried before the magistrates on a charge of arson. She told her simple, straightforward tale, and proved, moreover, that she had gone at once to her clergyman and told him exactly how the fire occurred. Her character was, moreover, unimpeached, nor did her accuser pretend to suggest any motive on her part for committing the alleged crime. But the squires who composed the bench committed Elizabeth for trial at the next assizes.

Now, it is the sage law of England that no winter assize is held on a circuit, unless there are at least six persons to be tried. It happened, unfortunately for Elizabeth, that people in her neighborhood had been very quiet and law-abiding about the time of her committal. There was, in fact, no winter assize. Nobody could or would furnish bail for her; and the result was that this young girl lay in Gloucester jail, with no crime proved upon her, for seven weary months. When at last justice made its tardy appearance, Elizabeth was confronted with it, tried by it, and passed over to the mercies of a jury of her peers. All evidence against her vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream, and the jury declared her innocent without leaving their seats. If a law is not defective which thus keeps an innocent young girl in jail for seven months, which feeds her on felon's fare, which casts the mildew and disgrace of the prison over her whole life, which brands upon her memory the recollection of a long, dark, weary period of horrible suspense and misery, and which has no further reparation to make for an injury so deep and so permanent than that of politely bowing her out of court, with the assurance

that a story told seven months ago is at last believed, then the occupation of reformers is gone indeed. It would be no wonder if Elizabeth Tracey should turn out a bad girl; and, if so, English justice will clearly be responsible for a crime in comparison with which the burning of a woodshed is a trivial offense.

CAN it be that Boston is going to lay vandal hands on one of her most venerable historical monuments in the very acme and patriotic high-tide of the Centennial year? It is true that the "Old State-House" chokes the mouth of moneyed State Street, making the bankers and money-changers take a tortuous course at the very outset of their day's work; it is true that it is an eye-sore, utterly incongruous with the surrounding architecture, and ugly enough by itself considered; no less true is it that the edifice has been so constantly renewed that it would be hard to find many beams or bricks in it on which the eyes of Otis or Hancock had ever rested. Yet the "Old State-House" still preserves a last-century aspect and interest, and represents many an heroic scene of long-gone days. It is, perhaps, the only building still standing which frowned down upon the Boston Massacre; and within its walls were held those "general courts" which, when Massachusetts was still a British province, used to pass quaint resolutions of demurral at the acts of the royal government. Yet Boston seems to be looking rather to the future than to the past, and to be forgetting ancient associations in a yearning for modern luxuries. In the same breath in which she is discussing the fate of the obstructing and inconvenient "Old State-House," she is asking herself whether she can afford to make a vast circular series of parks through her cordon of charming suburbs, which would cost a matter of five millions. It is a tempting idea, and her park commissioners have just published a seductive project, which would turn many thousands of acres, some of which are now water and swamp, into as lordly a pleasure as King of Babylon ever dreamed of. The same spirit which would create such a park would make short work of the "Old State-House;" and, after all, the vandalism of sweeping it away would be scarcely less heinous than that which pulled down the Hancock Mansion, which was in nobody's way, and was really a stately old edifice, as well as an historical relic, or that which would run brown-stone avenues across the sacred soil of the Common.

ERE this number of the JOURNAL reaches the greater number of its readers, the Centennial Exhibition will have opened. Although the daily press will describe the Ex-

hibition and the scenes thereat with great fullness, the occasion is one of so much importance that we shall have writers on the spot who will send us papers descriptive of the Exhibition, of a character suitable to be preserved as permanent history of the great event.

Books and Authors.

ONE of the departments in which American literature is most deficient is that of memoirs of public men, and Mr. Salter has set a good example, as well as done a useful work, in preparing his "Life of James W. Grimes."¹ Senator Grimes is best known to the general public, perhaps, in connection with the impeachment of President Johnson; but he was one of the most influential members of the United States Senate during the most eventful period in the history of that body, and his personal memoirs throw a valuable side-light upon the political and legislative phases of the civil war. The extracts which Mr. Salter has brought together from his speeches on the tariff and the current business of the Senate will hardly interest at this time any except Mr. Grimes's personal friends; but his private correspondence with members of his family, with his political associates, and with officers of the army and navy, is extremely interesting to read, and full of suggestions for the historian. Especially in matters relating to the navy are the memoirs valuable. During almost the entire period of the war Mr. Grimes was at the head of the Naval Committee of the Senate; he was the author of most of the legislation which reorganized, and may be almost said to have created, the navy; he was on the most intimate terms with the Navy Department; and the great naval victories of the war were organized with his counsel and under his eye. There is no revelation of state-secrets, of course, but the private confidences of such a man under such circumstances must necessarily give us an insight into the causes and meaning of events which could not be obtained by mere observation of the events themselves.

This it is that gives a certain historical value to Mr. Salter's work, and entitles it to a degree of consideration which on grounds of simply biographical interest, perhaps, it could hardly claim. Mr. Grimes was a man of high character, of strong common-sense, deliberate in judgment, sagacious in counsel, and forcible in statement; but he was neither a great statesman nor a brilliant orator, and his life, as narrated by Mr. Salter, was curiously lacking in "color." As a youth of eighteen he left his native New Hampshire, went to Burlington, Iowa (then a small frontier town), and began the practice of the law. Almost from the start he participated more or less actively in politics, and in the first antislavery campaign carried Iowa with him and became Governor of the

State. On the expiration of his gubernatorial term he was elected United States Senator, was reelected in 1865, resigned in 1869, and died in 1872. This is substantially the whole story. The very qualities which rendered Mr. Grimes so useful a man in his peculiar place were also sufficient to insure that that place should be a comparatively obscure one. Perfectly single-minded in the performance of his work, he had a constitutional dislike for everything that savored of indirection or display, and could hardly be induced to tolerate even the ordinary "pomp and vanities" of society. He was, perhaps, the best example of the "plain man" in politics that the generation has seen; though it must be confessed that if all the "plain men" and "practical men" were like him the country could not contain too many of them.

The one dramatic episode of Mr. Grimes's career was his course in the impeachment trial of President Johnson. According to the slang of the time, he "betrayed" his party and country for the purpose of shielding that "monster of iniquity" from the consequences of his crimes; and few men have been subjected to such a storm of obloquy and abuse. There can be no doubt that the mental and physical strain of that troubled time cost him his life; and the reader will probably like to know how he regarded the matter after the fierce excitement had calmed down, and when he was struggling with his last illness. Writing from Switzerland to a friend, under date of December 11, 1870, he says:

"Almost every American newspaper I see brings the news of the death of some old friend and associate, and I cannot help feeling that in the course of Nature my time will soon come, and when I ask myself, 'What have I done to make the world better for having lived in it?' I cannot help pronouncing the judgment that my life has been a failure. I do not mean to say that it has been a failure in what I have done for my State and for mankind, in comparison with what has been done by other men, but in comparison with what I might and ought to have done. And, strange as it may seem to you, who have not thought much of the matter, sitting here calmly and reviewing my whole course, I have no hesitation in saying that I regard that act for which I have been most condemned, my vote on the impeachment trial, as the most worthy, the proudest act of my life. I shall ever thank God that, in that terrible hour of trial, when many privately confessed that they sacrificed their judgments and their consciences at the behests of party newspapers and party hate, I had the courage to be true to my oath and conscience, and refused, when I had sworn to 'do a man impartial justice according to the Constitution and the laws,' to do execution upon him according to the dictation of the chairman of the Republican congressional committee or the howlings of a partisan mob. I would not to-day exchange the recollection of that grasp of the hand and that glorified smile given me by that purest and ablest of men I ever knew, Mr. Fessenden, when I was borne into the Senate-chamber on the arms of four men to cast my vote, for the highest distinction of life. Yet we had no desire to save Johnson as Johnson; I wanted to save my own self-respect and my oath, and I wanted to save the country from the wild, revolutionary career upon which the party was entering."

¹ The Life of James W. Grimes, Governor of Iowa, 1854-1858; a Senator of the United States, 1859-1869. By William Salter. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

There are politicians who will hardly relish the later portions of the correspondence; but the book as a whole is remarkably free from anything that would tend to provoke political or personal animosities.

HAVING already written an acceptable history of the United States from the discovery of the continent to the present time, in some two or three score short paragraphs, Mr. Edward Abbott has probably found the writing of "A Paragraph History of the American Revolution" on the same plan and scale a comparatively easy task. As to the result, it is not so easy to reach a satisfactory conclusion. Mr. Abbott declares that it is not intended for those who are already familiar with the struggle of the colonies for independence; "for such rather as have never read a history proper, or who have heard only by chance and uncertain mention what our country's fathers did, and in these busy Centennial times have only moments by the way in which to trace the outline." To our mind, this is precisely the class in whose hands the book would be most likely to work harm; the danger being that it would delude them with the belief that they could find in it all they need to know of the Revolutionary history, which, of course, would be absurdly incorrect. For those who wish to furbish up their memories for the occasion, or for those who will use it as a sort of skeleton whose outlines are to be filled in from other sources, it could hardly be improved; and it is in the belief that such will be the chief service to which it will be put that we give it a cordial commendation. The main facts of American and European history, from the imposition of the Stamp Act in 1765 to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States in 1788, are narrated in a clear and spirited style, and in their chronological order, while at certain critical points notes drawn from Bancroft and others enliven and amplify the story. Maps, charts, and pictures, are also made use of to a limited extent, and an appendix contains a tabulated list of the more important battles of the Revolution, together with a list of the most noteworthy histories, novels, and poetry, relating to the period. In short, as an aid to memory, or as a guide to further studies, the book is excellent; and people on their way to Philadelphia would do well to follow the author's suggestion, and drop it into their pockets. (Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

LIBRARIANS will experience some difficulty in deciding whether Mr. John Proffatt's "Curiosities and Law of Wills" (San Francisco: Sumner, Whitney & Co.) should be catalogued as a legal treatise or as a collection of ana; but the general reader will doubtless be willing to accept it as a bit of sugar-coated useful knowledge. Its main object, as stated by the author, is to furnish a systematic, clear, and concise summary of the principles and rules of law relating to wills; and, while it is designed to interest all classes of readers, it is *not* "a work merely for entertainment." Nevertheless, it is decidedly entertaining. The vagaries, infirmities, follies, and eccentricities of mankind

have seldom been more curiously exhibited than in last wills and testaments; and, in selecting his illustrative cases, Mr. Proffatt has made good use of an excellent opportunity. Some of his examples are perhaps a trifle stale, though the will of the Earl of Pembroke loses little of its point on a reperusal; but in general they are fresh as well as striking. Here is part of a will written by an individual who died in London in 1791, which, we believe, has not hitherto found its way into any of the collections:

"Seeing that I have had the misfortune to be married to the aforesaid Elizabeth, who ever since our union has tormented me in every possible way; that, not content with making game of all my remonstrances, she has done all she could to render my life miserable; that Heaven seems to have sent her into the world solely to drive me out of it; that the strength of Samson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, the subtlety of Hannibal, the vigilance of Hermogenes, would not suffice to subdue the perversity of her character; that no power on earth can change her, seeing we have lived apart during the last eight years, and that the only result has been the ruin of my son, whom she has corrupted and estranged from me. Weighing maturely and seriously all these circumstances, I have bequeathed and I bequeath to my said wife, Elizabeth, the sum of *one shilling*, to be paid unto her within six months after my decease."

The author, as we have said, treats his subject systematically, discussing in succession the origin and history of wills, their form and requisites, testamentary capacity, legacies, limits to testamentary disposition, the revocation of wills, and the rules of their construction which obtain in different States. The desire to amuse has not been allowed to encroach upon the prevailing purpose to impart instruction; and property-owners, as well as lawyers, will find in it much that it would be advantageous to know.

As a general anthology, the little collection of "Poetry for Home and School," selected and arranged by Anna C. Brackett and Ida M. Eliot (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), is very defective, as the editors themselves would doubtless be the first to concede; but it is compiled on a sound plan—that of admitting no poems except those which have borne the test of time, and whose right to "a place in the domain of true art" has been conceded—and is incomparably better adapted to impress children with the beauty and richness of English poetry than the average "reading-books" which are used in schools. Both in its selections and in its arrangement the book is based on the practical wants of the schoolroom, and proceeds by gradual steps from nursery-rhymes of the better sort to "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Sir Galahad," and the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." As to the selections, they maintain a high average of merit, and are as fairly representative as could have been expected; but we are surprised to find nothing from Hood in a collection of poems so predominantly lyrical and narrative. We should say that there are few things in modern poetry more popular (and deservedly so) with

children over ten than Hood's sprightly and pathetic lyrics. Swinburne also is conspicuous by his absence.

LOVERS of the country and of country life will be glad to hear that Messrs. Putnam's Sons have issued a new edition of Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper's "Rural Hours," a book which delighted the last generation of readers, and which should possess an added charm for the present. It is a record, in journal form, and in the simplest and most unpretentious style, of those little events which mark the course of the seasons in rural life—the appearance, disappearance, and habits of birds, the growth and decay of flowers, the annual draping and undraping of the woods, changes of weather as well as changes of season, the occupations and amusements of village and farm, and the abounding suggestiveness of a multifarious animal life. Nothing could be farther removed from the sort of artificial rapture with which it is the custom (in cities) to speak of rural things; but the "lore of the woods" has seldom been imparted in a more enjoyable manner, and the enjoyment is rendered all the keener by the consciousness that such idyllic simplicity and remoteness, such mental detachment, so to call it, could hardly be attained anywhere in our day of railroads and telegraphs, much less within a hundred and fifty miles of New York. The book belongs to a class of literature which, like Walton's "Compleat Angler," could hardly be produced now, but which should be kept in print permanently as an antidote to the daily newspaper.—Along with "Rural Hours," the Messrs. Putnam issue new editions of "Sea Stories," and of "Stories for the Home Circle," books which once had considerable vogue, and which are hardly yet forgotten.

A FRESH, piquant, and altogether bewitching story is "Miss Molly," by Beatrice May Butt, the latest addition to Holt's "Leisure Hour Series." Having said this much, we have left ourselves little more to say; for its charm is too elusive for analysis, and to inquire too curiously into its structure and method would be to reveal more than the reader would probably care to know beforehand. The plot is by no means intricate, and the character-drawing is of the simplest kind; yet there is a certain blooming freshness about it, the enjoyment of which we should be sorry to abate in any particular. There is only one point in which we should be disposed to criticise the author, even if her book had left us in the critical mood; and that is the thoroughly conventional spirit in which, in spite of its frank artlessness and freedom from affectation, the main incident of the story is conceived. No *man*, we imagine, would see in Miss Molly's constancy any of those indications of the heroic with which the author seems to be so profoundly impressed. Her lover's guilt was at the worst purely technical, and the tremendous punishment which it brought upon him should rather have drawn closer the bonds of a true, unselfish love—as, in fact, it did in this case. We are bound to say that Miss Molly's own conduct in the matter was better than the

author of her being is disposed to give her credit for; and perhaps we owe it to the world at large—which, after all, is not vindictive—to express our conviction that the much-tried pair found it necessary to endure but for a little while the pangs of exile.

A propos of Mrs. Kemble's entertaining gossip about Theodore Hook in the last *Atlantic*, the *Nation* says: "The life of Theodore Hook, with his musical knack, his talent for extemporizing verses, his great love of punning, and his equal love for practical jokes, might furnish some magazine-writer a good subject for an article on the type—we do not know exactly what to call it—to which he belonged. Hook was by no means the only one of his kind in the society of the period, as the memoirs of the time sufficiently show. He was only the most noted of a set of men, all having some exceptional gift in the way of mimicry, or music, or verse-making, all finding their way into good society, and all leading a semi-Bohemian sort of life, very much more entertaining, according to Anglo-Saxon ideas, from its close connections with respectability and solid knowledge, than the outlaw life which Mürger has celebrated for France, and imitators of Mürger have imagined could be transplanted to America. Certainly, for the entertainment of others, no Bohemianism has been so profitable to the world as the kind of which Charles Matthews, Theodore Hook, and their friends were the centre. Perhaps as noticeable a thing as any about them is the fact that in the society of the present day, in which a kind of nervous excitement has unpleasantly replaced the rollicking animal spirits that made life formerly merry, they would hardly be tolerated."

THE three juvenile books, "The Wonder Book," "Tanglewood Tales," and "True Stories from History and Biography," bring to a close the "Little Classic Edition" of Hawthorne's works (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). We have already spoken of this edition in commendatory terms, but we may say again, now that it is completed, that it is the neatest, daintiest, and handiest, that has yet appeared.

LEUTENANT CAMERON is said to be preparing an account of his travels in Africa. It ought to be an interesting book, for the author has brought home, *inter alia*, some curious information about the Rua country, which is probably the largest negro kingdom in existence.

The Arts.

WE have often, in the pages of the JOURNAL, expressed our admiration for the artistic qualities of which common things are susceptible—furniture, stuffs, china, etc.—and we have wondered that people capable of making good decoration should be content to waste their time in producing poor pictures, wherein one or two good qualities are swallowed up by a multiplicity of bad ones. Love of color and a little invention, properly cultivated, would give us beautiful tapestries or wood-carvings, and would embellish a cabinet with a bit of decorative painting, while the same qualities wrongly applied produce bad landscapes or abominations of figure-painting, whose use is almost *nil*, and whose best place is oblivion in a garret.

Among the freshest and the most clever pieces of decorative ornament we have seen for some time were some panels of wood in

its natural state, without paint, varnish, or oil to destroy the pure brown and gray tints of cherry, chestnut, or mahogany. The colors of natural objects almost always harmonize with themselves, and so we thought when we saw, upon these soft-hued strips of wood, a life-size painting of the seed-vessels of the milk-weed. Its long, yellowish pod was open on one side, and disclosed within the covering the silvery seed-vessels that every country child delights in finding within the coarse inclosure, looking with its bright scales and its tapering form like a little fish.

In the picture the seed-vessels were a little more mature than this, and brown seeds here and there broke in upon the satiny smoothness of the pod. Gossamer-like features, as delicate as the "puff" of a dandelion, hung outside to wing the seeds through the air; the whole existing in the picture as a microcosm of autumnal vegetation to any one fond of such a suggestion. Besides this pod of the milk-weed, which yielded many shades and variations of white, this piece of simple decoration gained color by a judicious addition of some red "hips" of the rose-bush—the dry seed-vessels that linger so long into cold weather and shine red above the snows that envelop the bushes; little purple berries, the seeds of a weed, resembling the blackberry, added variety, and, as a finish to the composition, some golden heads of wheat or oats cut across the corner of the panel, and gave the suggestion of other groups of vegetable forms growing near this one. Persons familiar with Japanese decorations may have noticed that these people are accustomed to enrich and vary their designs by adding to the main groups that compose their decorations in some pictures the end of a pine-branch dipping into the canvas, or in another, when trees or flowers form the main subject, a fragmentary tuft of peach-blossoms, or the head or foot of a duck or a heron. The arrangement of subjects for decorative purposes is quite different in intent from the symmetrical and united forms proper to works of ideal art. In decorative painting or embroidery we desire to see a magnificent bit that looks as if it might be a fragment of Nature transferred to the panel or to silk, but pictures, as such, require a balance and complete expression of a subject to secure and embody a perfectly harmonized group. These little panels of the dry weeds were painted under the guidance of one of our best artists, and one who is greatly experienced and very thoughtful of the conditions of genuine decoration. They were much better than any of the paintings of flowers or the black panels of leaves and vines to be seen at the picture-stores. We were glad to find that by a few persons, at least, who are employed in such ways, the essential points that constitute good decoration are beginning to be understood.

Persons distrustful or ignorant of the limitations of decorative art would do well to examine at Cottier's a book filled with specimens of some hundreds of different patterns of silk stuffs. Nearly all of us have been accustomed to see at one time six or eight or perhaps a few more such kinds of goods; but, looked at as here in such large numbers,

an intelligent observer can very easily generalize from them as to the aims and ideas of the nation which produces them.

This book of specimens was placed at Cottier's by a Japanese, with the idea that perhaps some Americans would like to send orders to Japan for garments or draperies like them. A careful examination filled us with admiration for the ingenuity that converts so many of the conditions of Nature and so many natural objects into suitable patterns for dresses or covers for house-furniture. In one case we came across a bit of dull-blue silk of the color and dim sheen of water, and upon this surface were woven long-legged water-beetles, whose jointed legs, touching from one beetle to another, formed crinkling ovals that suggested ripples of a wind-roughened lake, at the same time that they were exact representations of the beetles. The bodies of these insects were so small that they did not materially affect the flowing pattern, one much prettier and vastly more intelligent than the straggling and meaningless lines which form the same general patterns of our own goods and those of the west of Europe.

A border of silk was also designed of a pale, yellowish-green background, upon which long lines of spear-like rushes were outlined against the evening sky, and seemed to reflect themselves below in still water tinted by the sunset. We have all of us, probably, observed the indistinctness of the outline which at such times of the day divides real objects from their watery prototypes. This fact the Japanese designer had appreciated, and in the broad, pale ribbon had multiplied the tall line of the reeds, indefinitely reproduced in the water below it.

Another pattern, purple and dark as night, showed dim lily-leaves, whose varied forms glimmered toward us out of the obscurity, some seen in full and others turned half away, or little tips of the plants appeared between the stems of leaves. Other patterns still were composed of pine-needles, but so grouped, and twisted, and foreshortened, that it was sometimes the sides of the fan-like groups that presented themselves, and in spaces a little removed the whorls and full-starred effects of the foliage appeared. A peculiarity of all Japanese decorative patterns consists of the general subordination of the natural forms to an elegant or graceful arabesque; so that, whether we should wear a dress covered with peacocks' feathers or storks' heads, or other similar objects in animal nature, the impression is of a rich or a flowing arabesque pattern, till the eye and the mind at length resolve it into its constituent peculiarity.

The book is one of the pleasantest and most significant Japanese works we have seen, and, though the amateur may not intend to robe himself in these strange Oriental fabrics, no time could be better employed than in deciphering these examples of what the patience and ingenuity of this singular people can evolve.

WITH the various activities of the spring there is generally a special impulse among the composers and publishers of music, and the

counters of the traders in sweet sounds are flooded with works, good, bad, and indifferent. We select for notice this week a few of the better specimens of late musical literature.¹

Mr. Wheat's Easter anthem, "Christ, our Passover," is a seasonable production, and very well calculated to build up the growing reputation of the composer, who is an organist in Richmond, Virginia, and a young musician of talent, though perhaps not so well known at the North as he ought to be. Such works, however, as that before us will hardly fail to bring him into public notice. It is simple, dignified, and rather massive in character, without any of that florid ornamentation with which some composers seek to hide the poverty of musical ideas. The theme is melodious and effective, and the harmonic treatment shows Mr. Wheat to be well versed in the scholarship of his art. The organ-accompaniment is particularly good, and the fugue effects for the quartet bright and animated, without ever degenerating into the commonplace or that plagiarism with which even some well-known composers make Handel, Haydn, and Cherubini eke out their own barrenness. It can hardly fail to become popular with church-choirs.

Mr. Burnap's song, "Which shall it be?" is a pretty ballad, the words and music being very well matched in feeling and quality. The sentiment is so well conveyed in the melody that, without the words, the amatory character would be vividly suggested. The music is very simple, being written in C natural, and such as young singers would find well adapted for their use. A mezzo-soprano song, it is one which needs the peculiar quality of that style of voice, the declamatory, sympathetic execution. It has no special merit in its originality, as but few love-songs at this time have, but it will be found a pleasing parlor-piece.

Theodore Moelling's Centennial song for solo and chorus, "A Hundred Years ago to-day," is one among a throng of similar productions with which the public will be literally deluged for the next three months. Patriotic ballads are generally musical rubbish, and composers of real strength avoid them for the most part. A vast deal of stuff is written on patriotic themes, and, as the words have much to do with the inspiration of the composer in song-writing, the total result is apt to be *nil*. The present song is after the school of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," so popular with our fathers, and of its kind is fairly good. Well declaimed by a good singer, it might be pleasing, but we doubt whether it will attain much popularity from intrinsic worth.

Sir Walter Scott's words, "Oh, hush thee, my Baby!" have been so exquisitely set to music by Arthur Sullivan that it seems almost presumptuous for any other composer to attempt them. Mr. Macrone, however, has succeeded well, and given a sweet and tender melody to the public. The air has the merit of great simplicity and feeling, and is one to be caught up with delight by every mother, for it is full of the flavor of the sentiment itself. Both the theme and the treatment are such as to give wide pleasure, and Mr. Macrone is to be congratulated that he has suc-

ceeded so well in comparison with one of the most beautiful and popular productions of English song. It is written in the key of four sharps, with a simple and well-arranged accompaniment.

Mr. Zundel's "Te Deum laudamus" is worthy the fame of a fine organist and composer. It is a composition of more than ordinary pretensions in length and method of treatment. It has much of the conventional character of this style of sacred compositions, and the air is, for the most part, familiar to us of old in its phrases. Originality, however, in the "Te Deum" is not to be expected, and people are contented with that solemnity and solidity of style which Mr. Zundel, among the popular sacred composers of the day, so successfully achieves. The music changes its key in the different parts, and uses major and minor effects in very effective contrast. It is written to develop the full resources of a choir—solo, quartet, and chorus parts—and the organ instrumentation is well treated. Mr. Zundel's name alone would give his work a passport to most churches, but the present composition has very substantial merits of its own to rest on.

Mr. Harrison Millard's anthem, "Lord, whom Winds and Waves obey," for four voices, is a good specimen from the pen of a really scholarly and gifted composer. We are glad to welcome this sacred composition as another on a long list of excellent things which Mr. Millard has given us. The melodic movement is bold and strong, and a quaint, sweet effect is produced by the constant use of doublets. Mr. Millard has handled a fine theme with considerable originality and force, and, while the plan of the composition is simple, the music is well sustained and bright to the very last. It is written throughout in four flats, a key which admits of unusually bold and inspiring measures. It is a hymn of hope and trust, and the triumphant feeling of the words is well embodied in the musical setting.

THE Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts was in the latter part of April installed in its new, spacious, and very handsome structure at the corner of Broad and Cherry Streets, in that city. This building is one of the finest edifices erected in this country devoted to the fine arts; the Philadelphians are justly proud of it; and the occasion of its opening was celebrated by appropriate ceremonies. "The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts," says the *Public Ledger*, commenting upon the installation ceremonies, "is the offspring mainly of the members of the Philadelphia bar of 1805 and a few artists of that day; its maintenance at a later period was due to the liberality of men in active business life; and its splendid housing and surroundings to-day are the work of merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, professional men, and bankers, and mainly of the devotion of one merchant. The President of the Academy, Mr. James L. Claghorn, made hearty and well-merited acknowledgment to the contributors to the fund of four hundred thousand dollars, which the edifice and decorations cost, and to the valuable services of the chairman of the building committee, Mr. Fairman Rogers; and the latter, one of the largest contributors, gave high and deserved praise to the architects, the superintendent, and the builders. . . . Beyond all question, that magnificent temple of art would have no existence to-day at all but for the labor of Mr. Claghorn. It is true that to him the work was a labor of love. He knows the value of art, and the almost infinite reach of its educational, refining, and elevating influences, even to the plainest handicraft productions and the humblest stations in life, as well as to the distinguished, the luxurious, and the opulent. He knows how far short our coun-

try has hitherto been in providing the means of art-culture. His nature is profoundly imbued with the love of art, for the exalted pleasures it gives, and for the good it is capable of bestowing upon mankind. These made the otherwise arduous and unwelcome task of attempting to raise four hundred thousand dollars a labor of love to him. These created the zeal and persistence which achieved the success, which is without parallel in the art-history of the New World. Let us, then, give due and hearty credit to the generous contributors, high praise to the architects, the builders, and the cunning skill of the workmen—but let us crown these with just and full commendation of the man without whose labor and zeal these generous gifts and this developed skill would not have been."

A BRONZE life-size bust of John C. Calhoun has just been presented to the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, by Clark Mills, sculptor, who cast it in 1850, from a plaster-cast taken by him from life in 1844. The likeness is pronounced excellent.

From Abroad.

PARIS, April 18, 1876.

WITHIN the last few days I have had the pleasure of meeting a gentleman who was formerly the intimate friend of Gustave Doré. Circumstances, particularly those of a political nature, combined to interrupt their intimacy, but he told me some curious details respecting the early career of the great artist. He possesses, among other relics of their early friendship, a copy of the curious suppressed plate designed by Doré after the suicide of the unfortunate Gérard de Nerrol.

"We went together," said my informant, "to visit the scene of the tragedy. It was in a dark, narrow street, and the house was one of the most dingy and gloomy that can possibly be imagined. The short winter day had already faded into twilight when we reached the spot. We were looking at the window at which the body had been found hanging, when something violently attacked our legs, and, looking down, we saw a large crow who was flying at us with wide-open beak. This strange and spectral bird, emerging from the shadows, produced a great effect upon the imagination of Doré. A few days later he sent me a proof-impression of his new picture. Against the dimly-lighted window hung the corpse, with protruding tongue and distorted features, horrible in its realism. The crow with open beak was escaping through the door as though to bear tidings of the disaster to the outside world. In the sky beyond the window appeared a vision of the forms that haunted De Nerrol's delirium—Oriental *Houris*, goddesses of mythology, lovely females seated at a gorgeous banquet, while amid the splendid architecture and the images of beauty appeared the chimney-pots and garret-windows of the sordid, squalid street. It was one of the most powerful and original of the many weird conceptions of the artist, but the police, for some inscrutable reason, prohibited the publication of the picture, and broke to pieces the lithographic stone.

"Doré, unlike the majority of artists, is a good business man, and is very careful and exact in money-matters. He has never married, an unfortunate love-affair in early life having checked his matrimonial aspirations. The lady with whom he fell deeply and fervently in love was of good family, and believed strongly in society and *les convenances*. Moreover, Doré, in those days a struggling, rising young artist, glad to get an engagement on any of the illustrated

¹ Easter-Anthem: "Christ, our Passover." By L. P. Wheat. William A. Pond & Son.

"Which shall it be? The Black or the Blue?" Song. By U. C. Burnap. Thomas J. Hall.

"A Hundred Years ago to-day." Song and Chorus. By Theodore J. Moelling. William A. Pond & Son.

"Oh, hush thee, my Baby!" Lullaby-Song. By C. O. Macrone. William A. Pond & Son.

"Te Deum laudamus." For Quartet or Chorus. By John Zundel. William A. Pond & Son.

"Lord, whom Wind and Waves obey." Anthem. By Harrison Millard. William A. Pond & Son.

papers of the day, was too poor to win favor in the damsel's eyes. Nor was he sufficiently elegant to charm this thorough Parisienne. 'How can I ever marry a man who does not know how to put on his gloves?' she once exclaimed, when Doré was trying to force his fingers into a particularly tight and refractory glove. So she rejected the artist and married a wealthy South American, who was as jealous as a tiger, and who tyrannized over her to such an extent that he even interfered with her dress, and would not suffer her to wear crinoline at the time when it was most in vogue. Finally, in a fit of really causeless jealousy, he fired a pistol at her head with intent to kill her, but the ball struck a heavy braid of hair which she wore coronet-wise, and glanced off. For this offense he was tried and condemned to eight years' imprisonment. To-day, Doré is one of the wealthiest of French artists.

"In his youth he was remarkable for his talent as a mimic, or rather as an actor. Sometimes, when a few friends were gathered together in his studio on an evening, he would, with the help of a few shawls and draperies, improvise some striking scene wherein he would personate in dumb-show an Oriental dancing-girl, or some such character. His memory for all things connected with his art was truly surprising. Once I accompanied him to a library to look at a volume of engravings of cathedrals, which he wished to consult. The book was found and placed before him; he turned over the leaves deliberately one by one without pausing at any particular plate, and, when he came to the end, he rose, saying, 'Come, I have found what I wanted.' 'Surely,' I cried, in amazement, 'you must be joking—you cannot remember one of those illustrations!' 'Can I not?—see here,' he replied. And, taking up a pencil, he sketched the façade of a Gothic cathedral perfect in every detail. For over a year he frequented the operating ward of one of the principal hospitals of Paris, not for the purpose of studying medicine or anatomy, but to observe the varying expressions on the countenances of those who were undergoing the tortures of a painful operation.

"His political principles were republican in the earlier days of his career, but under the sunshine of success and of imperial patronage, and particularly through the influence of an invitation to the *filles* at Compiègne, he became a Bonapartist. Probably the last art-command ever given by the government of the Second Empire was an order for the plate representing the ghosts of the soldiers of Condé welcoming those of the army of MacMahon to the banks of the Rhine. They did not get there—the plate was suppressed—and will probably *not* figure in the list of Doré's complete works."

The exhibition of 1878 is already a leading topic here. Curiously enough, the original decree of the government provided for an exhibition of agricultural and industrial products only; and a second decree, establishing the fine-arts exhibition, was afterward issued. The site of the buildings is not yet settled, but it is thought that the Champ de Mars will be the favored spot, as it was in 1867. A very daring but magnificent plan has just been submitted to the authorities by M. Bionne, an engineer of much talent, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. His idea is to inclose all the space between the Place du Carrousel and the *round-point* of the Champs-Élysées, taking in the garden of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, and the Palais d'Industrie. On the present site of the ruins of the Tuileries the first covered building should be erected; the Place de la Concorde and the wide roadway of the Champs-Élysées should also be turned into covered buildings, while the booths, temporary edifices, etc., should be erected in the

Tuileries garden, and among the trees and side-walks of the Champs-Élysées. This plan combines the merits of cheapness, centrality, and of abundance of space. It is hardly probable, however, that it will be adopted. Certain facts and figures have recently been made public respecting the former exhibition, of 1867, which are hardly encouraging for the managers of our Centennial. That exhibition, the most successful one ever held, cost five million dollars; the receipts from all sources amounted to about three million, leaving a deficit of two million dollars (ten million francs). That sum, however, bears but a small proportion to the immense amounts of money expended in Paris by the strangers that flocked thither from all quarters of the globe, and the French authorities act with their usual wisdom in setting to work to prepare another such display. One enterprising Parisian has certainly tried to take Time by the forelock. He went the other day to copyright the names of no less than twenty-six newspapers for the exhibition-year, all bearing such titles as *Le Moniteur de l'Exposition*, *Le Journal de l'Exposition*, etc. Unfortunately, he was not aware of the fact that a deposit of twenty-four thousand francs is required for each new paper that is started; so, as he did not possess the trifle over half a million which was required, his project came to naught.

We are to have two very interesting exhibitions at the Palais d'Industrie at the close of the Salon, one or both of which will be simultaneous with the Exposition of Fine Arts applied to Industry, which will occupy the ground-floor of the building, leaving the long range of galleries free for other displays. These exhibitions are to be, one of the tapestries of Gobelin, Beauvais, and Arras, arranged in chronological order, and the other of furniture. Several celebrated collectors of antiquities have already promised to lend whatever specimens they may possess in either line. The exhibition of furniture will be specially interesting, as some of the antique pieces will, it is said, date from the time of Charlemagne.

Here is an anecdote of the childhood of the prince imperial that has just been made public. It appears that when he was quite a little fellow he was very fond of going to play among the soldiers of the Imperial Guard who were quartered in the palace. Napoleon III., wishing to see his heir popular with the army, encouraged him in these frolics. These rough playmates were, of course, very careful to shape their conversation as much as possible to suit the age and rank of the boy, but sometimes an oath would slip out unawares, and, though the offense was always followed by an apology, it was pretty sure to be repeated. It so happened about this time that the heir to the throne was named president of some learned commission.

"Now, be careful," said Napoleon to the little prince, "when you find yourself in the presence of these gentlemen, to put them at their ease as much as possible, and not to interfere with their conversation."

The child promised to remember this advice; and so one day, instead of going to play with his beloved Guards, he was solemnly presented to the learned association in question. Its members, mostly grave and aged men, profoundly saluted the heir to the throne, and an instant of silence succeeded.

"O gentlemen!" cried the little prince, with his mother's own sweet and gracious smile, "don't let me disturb anybody—you can go on swearing!"

April days in Paris bring with them the "April fish," some of which are real pasteboard fish filled with toys or trinkets for gifts, while others are simply tricks of a mechanical kind, intended to annoy or to deceive—the institu-

tion of "April-fooling" flourishing over here as well as at home, only it lasts throughout the entire month instead of for a day only. Recently a lady, residing on the Boulevard Malesherbes, was rendered seriously ill by one of these tricks. She received an anonymous gift of a large egg, and, on opening it, a writhing, hissing serpent flew out and sprang right into her face. The snake was, after all, only a mechanical toy; but the lady, who was a delicate, nervous woman, was actually terrified into hysterics. More witty, but equally unjustifiable, was a trick which was played upon the celebrated actress Madame Céline Chaumont. She received a letter from her lawyer stating that a sealed paper had been deposited at his office addressed to her, and indorsed "Pour affaire d'héritage," so that evidently some one had been leaving her a legacy, and she would do well to come and claim it. Flushed with hope, Madame Chaumont hastened to the office, opened the paper, and found written within, "Madame, you are heir to—the talent of Déjazet!"

The *Figaro* came out with an announcement lately which shows that its talent for making a mess of any matter not wholly French has not at all decreased. It said: "Our readers will remember the Miss Anna Dickinson, the English girl who sued Colonel Baker for too abusive gallantry toward her in a railway-car. This modest miss, profiting by the notoriety which she gained by this trial, has recently been giving lectures in the United States, and we are now informed that she is soon to make her *début* on the stage in Boston." Was ever a more absurd mistake in identity perpetrated?—the political and pugnacious Quakeress confounded with poor Miss Kate Dickinson, the heroine of the railway-scandal of last year! It is almost equal to the mistake of the Paris *Union*, who contrived to muddle the identity of Albert Grant, of the Emma Mine swindle, with that of the President of the United States, to the intense wrath of all the Americans in Paris who chanced to see the paragraph.

Miss Nannie Hart, the young American prima donna, who under the name of Alexandra Morisani has made so brilliant a reputation in Italy, is shortly expected to arrive in Paris *en route* for London. From all that I hear respecting this young lady, I am inclined to look upon her as a rising star in the musical world. Her voice, I am told by competent judges, is exceptionally fine, being a noble dramatic soprano at once sweet and powerful. From the evidence of her photographs, she possesses a fine stage-presence, a tall and commanding figure, and well-cut, expressive features. I hope to hear her sing when she reaches this city, and I will then be able to judge whether the verdict that pronounces her to be the coming *Norma*, *Lucrezia*, and *Leonora*, of the lyric stage, be correct or not.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

DANISH ART IN LONDON.

A COMMENDABLE practice has grown up in London of late years of forming art-galleries supplementary to the galleries of the long-established associations of which the societies of British Artists and of Painters in Water-Colors and the French Gallery may be said to be the foremost representatives. These outside collections usually bring together selected works of some painter of acknowledged repute, and in general consist almost wholly of pictures considerably above the average of ordinary merit, and presenting some features of unusual skill in the wielding of brush and pencil. Among the latest and most valuable additions to the supplemental art-galleries of London is a selection of works by artists of the Danish school of marine painting now being exhibited at the Marine Picture Gal-

lery, in New Bond Street. It would be difficult to meet anywhere with a more meritorious exhibition, or one so completely and in every sense illustrative of a special and very difficult branch of art-study. Some of the examples are so excellent that they would command a master position in any gallery in Europe, while all present evidences of consummate knowledge of sea-form, and of rare ability in the treatment of marine subjects. At the present time English marine painters of eminence, of whom Hook, Cooke, and Macallum are in some degree the leaders, are comparatively few in number, and each one of their small brotherhood is by far too decidedly isolated in an artistic position of his own to be regarded in alliance with his brethren as a member of a particular school of art. This, however, is not the case with the marine painters of Denmark. In fact, one of the most striking characteristics of the Bond Street gallery is the unanimity, if we may use the expression, with which the artists represented there seem to have agreed to accept the sea alone for a subject, and to depict upon canvas as many varied illustrations of its continually-changing aspect as a sojourner at the picturesque village of Cohasset might realize during a lengthened stay at that most primitive and exposed of New England sea-towns. Given a boat, a company of rowers, and the sea, it does not appear to be a matter of much difficulty to paint a picture; but it is a task beset with difficulties to paint from such material a picture that shall have in it life, spirit, action, truthfulness to Nature, and a full and vivid expression of the marvelous, ever-varying changefulness of the sea's surface. To our mind there is the same skill required in painting a faithful exemplification of a lowering, storm-riven Atlantic wave as there is in representing naturally on canvas a powerful and courageous horse at full gallop, or a lion in its grandest attitude of strength. The artist who succeeds in accurately portraying the one is fit associate of the artist who reproduces the passionate motion existing in the other. For this reason it has seemed to me that, without disparagement of either's fame, the names of Edwin Landseer, animal painter of England, and Christian Frederik Sørensen, marine painter of Denmark, might fitly be bracketed together as of equal renown.

Landseer had no compeer in the modern school of animal painting; Sørensen is without his equal in the modern school of marine painting. Following out this comparison for the moment, Landseer's chief merits as an artist consisted in his consummate power of dealing with living subjects, and in reproducing their form, attitudes, life, strength, and leading characteristics upon canvas. He studied Nature in the kennel, by the wayside, on the mountaintops, in the farmyard, on the Scotch lochs, on Norwegian lakes, on the heather-covered moors of the Highlands of Scotland. Whether it be in his "Peace" or "War," his "Maid and Magpie," in his famous conception of "Dignity and Impudence," or in his yet more admirable representation of a hunted "Stag at Bay," pictures widely differing both in regard to subject and treatment, and each possessing some special feature of its own illustrative of animal existence, all are marked by the same masterly evidences of what has become a rare power in our day, that of infusing life into canvas by means of oil-painting. Sørensen seems to possess the same splendid faculty, and in a degree in no sense inferior to that which made the name of the late Sir Edwin Landseer famous.

Sørensen's power of sea-painting seems to us, who claim to have some knowledge of the Atlantic, to be little short of marvelous. He must have spent the best part of a long life in persistent studying of the ocean. With rap-

earnestness he must have watched the forms and movements, and closely examined the transparencies of waves; with microscopic eye he must have studied the seething effervescences of foam. The effects of every conceivable sunlight upon moving, broken masses of water, and of the varied forms of cloud-shadows upon the sea in storm and calm, must be accurately noted in his mind. And he exhibits the knowledge of a ship-load of sailors in his thorough mastery of every detail of a ship's build, rigging, sails, and life, if we may so say—life of activity spent in the battling with wind and sea, and in pursuit of a busy career upon the vasty deep. "Swedish Fishing-boats in the North Sea," now in the Marine Picture Gallery, offers an apt illustration of Sørensen's artistic powers—a tumbling sea, suggestive of strong wind against stronger tide, with fishing-boats and man-of-war under sail. The sea is of that lumpy and turbulent kind, of all seas the most difficult to reproduce in oils with any degree of exactness and finish. Yet Sørensen has succeeded in giving us, in a frame about six feet by four, an exact and powerful representation of the cold-looking, stormy, wind-harassed sea that washes the shores of rugged Norway. The time is about sunset, and a wonderful setting of the sun, as depicted by the artist, it is. Rays of light bursting through leaden-looking, storm-broken clouds, cast a purple bloom of exquisite purity upon the smooth, wind-rippled refluxes of transparently-green waves. Sørensen, in this painting, has caught the motion of such a sea as he seeks to present to the life. The waves literally dance with vigorous energy, under the exciting influences of a fresh breeze and obviously opposing tide. The old man-of-war (for she looks of an age long antecedent to iron-clads) is going well before the wind, under full press of sail, and the fishing-boats, bluff-looking, stoutly-built craft, proclaim by their spray-covered sails (by-the-way, this is not the least noticeable feature of photographic truthfulness to life apparent in this picture) that wind, tide, and sea have contrived on this occasion to make an uncomfortable night of it for the weather-proof, hardy fishermen of Sweden. The varying color of the sea in this picture is kept in wonderful harmony with the faithful drawing of every wave; and, to revert to our former comparison for an instant, just as Landseer in his paintings followed with the closest attention to detail the anatomical outline of his horses and dogs, so has Sørensen, in "Swedish Fishing-boats in the North Sea," reproduced, with astonishing exactness, the rise, fall, rippling surfaces, and crest-broken formations of every wave. Sky and clouds, lights and shades, boats and fishermen, are equally eloquent of truthful representation, and stamp the jurors as sagacious and wise who awarded to this masterly production the gold medal allotted to Danish art at the Vienna Exhibition. There are other contributions from the studio of the same admirable artist in this Marine Picture Gallery, notably "Schloeningen, Holland—Sunset;" "The Danish Frigate Jylland in the North Atlantic"—a work of rare power, to be turned to again and again for the sake of paying tribute to an unexampled illustration of passionate force in storm-beaten sea; and not the least noteworthy of Sørensen's works exhibited here is a very striking picture of an English yacht, with the Royal Yacht Squadron's flag at her fore, running into Gothenburg harbor before a stiff breeze.

As an example of careful workmanship and close following of Nature, a painting, by C. Neumann, "In the Cattagat—a Ship's Crew going out," is one of the very best in the exhibition. A leaden-colored wave, tipped with angry foam, bears on to its crest a boat of four rowers, part of the crew of a merchantman in

the offing. "Bow's" oar has been momentarily jerked out of the water by an overstrained impetus which the long, reflowing sweep of the wave has prevented from being placed to "bow's" account. Anon the boat will be nose under, and "stroke" will be engaged in the same unremunerative sport of "crab-catching." There is a wonderful degree of spirit and finish about this picture, from the men and the boat to the waves and the sky, albeit the latter shows nothing but snow-filled clouds of most uncheering appearance. The attitudes of the men are replete with vigorous strength, and the boat itself is a remarkable illustration of Mr. Neumann's power of reproducing life-like motion in an inanimate subject. "Catalan Bay—Gibraltar," by the same artist, is certainly one of the gems of the exhibition. Here an altogether different scene is depicted. The waters of the faintly-rippled Mediterranean, sparkling in lustrous blue and green, beneath a sunny southern sky, wash lazily on to the heated sands of the flat shore. Rocks here and there, hauled-up boats, fishermen engaged with their nets, water-side buildings, all painted with extreme delicacy of touch and admirable feeling, combine to form a picture full of charmingly natural beauties. C. Neumann, judging from his exhibited works, seems to be a painter of rare versatility of talent, as well as a painstaking and gifted artist of the first rank—witness his "Wreck on a Lee-shore in the Baltic," exhibited at Vienna, and now occupying a place of honor in this gallery.

Several productions of C. Belle in this exhibition are deserving of the warmest admiration. "The Atlantic Wave" is an awe-inspiring study of the huge, many-crested waves which go to form one of those towering masses of furious-looking water, the especial dread of landmen voyaging to America. Belle gives us a bird's-eye view, as it were, of the appearance of the ocean in a storm in mid-Atlantic. He has, so to speak, taken us by the arm and given us a peep through the "bull's-eye" of a closed cabin-port of a Cunard steamer. The effect is marvelous. We see a plucky little brig under close-reefed topsails, half burying herself between two mighty waves, one of which slips from under her with majestic sweep, while the other, whose crest is even with the tops of the sides, threatens to engulf her. The appearance of the moving wall of water forming the coming wave is so absolutely truthful to Nature that shudderingly we pass on, rubbing our eyes to rid us of the horrible dream of "racing screws," trembling bulkheads, and shivering lamp-globes, which a study of the picture has momentarily provoked. "The Open Atlantic—Moonlight," is another admirable painting by the same artist, representing a scene familiar to all who have gone down to the sea in ships, and done business in great waters. A grand and effective piece of seascape is "Wreck off Bolbjerg, in Jutland," from the easel of W. Melby. This gentleman is already well known to English lovers of water-painting, having exhibited on several occasions at the Royal Academy. The picture we have drawn attention to is painted with much vigor and truthfulness, and is worthy of the highest commendation from the great skill with which the artist has depicted the backward curl of a transparent, mud-tinted wave breaking on a rocky shore. The drift and weed floating in the curling water, and the slippery boulders of the shore seen through it, as well as the angry waves in the distance, are striking examples of Mr. Melby's attention to detail, skillfulness in painting seas in motion, and powers of reproducing natural effects. "Danish Frigate shortening Sail in a Fresh Breeze off Scarborough," and "Close in off the Land's End, Cornwall," are other evidences of Mr. Melby's

artistic genius. We have little space for further comment on the numerous other excellent pictures in the Marine Picture Gallery, among which are those by the late Anton Melby. Of those we have left unnoticed, "Early Moonlight in the Atlantic," by C. Locher, and "Sunset on Lake Michigan," by Holst, and "Moonlight at Sea," by C. Baagøe, seem to us to merit close attention. "H. M. Frigate Manilla running into Shallow Water to avoid a French Line-of-battle Ship," an illustration of an episode in the life of "Percival Keene," by the last-named artist, is a very careful and finished study of shoal water in the tropics, and displays sailor-like knowledge of shipping. Three paintings by C. Rasmussen, "The Discovery of Greenland by King Eric the Red, A. D. 983," "Greenland Pilots going out to a Ship," and "The Old Whaler among Icebergs," are simply above criticism, for they happen to be illustrative of arctic scenery under various conditions of sunlight and moonlight; the last-named pictures being photographs in oils of Nature as she is in the polar regions, taken on the spot by the artist himself, than who no living European painter has greater claim to the title of an arctic explorer. This last group of pictures alone would constitute the Marine Picture Gallery one of the most attractive and instructive exhibitions in London; and it is with unusual, and we trust pardonable, confidence in the soundness of our judgment that we recommend it to the notice of American visitors to London.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

Science.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION—PASTEUR'S APPARATUS.

THE controversy between the advocates and opponents of the theory of spontaneous generation having received a new impulse owing to the presence in the ranks of the opposition of Professor Tyndall, we are led to believe that any information bearing on the subject will prove of interest and

profit. In a recent extended review of Professor Tyndall's address, a full description of the apparatus employed by him was given. It there appeared that Professor Tyndall believed that all the life-germs could be removed from the atmosphere, provided the channels of ingress to the air-chamber were protected by suitable filters or shields, the interior of the box being also coated with glycerine, which would hold in place any floating particles. Air thus purified becomes optically pure, the light-beam passing through it, but leaving no mark of its progress. When the line of the light-beam could be traced, it was argued and proved that this result was due to the presence in the air of suspended particles, either organic germs or inorganic dust-grains. Although it was regarding this special atmospheric condition that the professor wrote, he also included in his observations and experiments the tests with infusions heated to given temperatures either in vacuo or in air which had been previously calcined or filtered. In this branch of the inquiry the methods adopted were very similar to those used by Pasteur, the leading opponent of the spontaneous-generation theory.

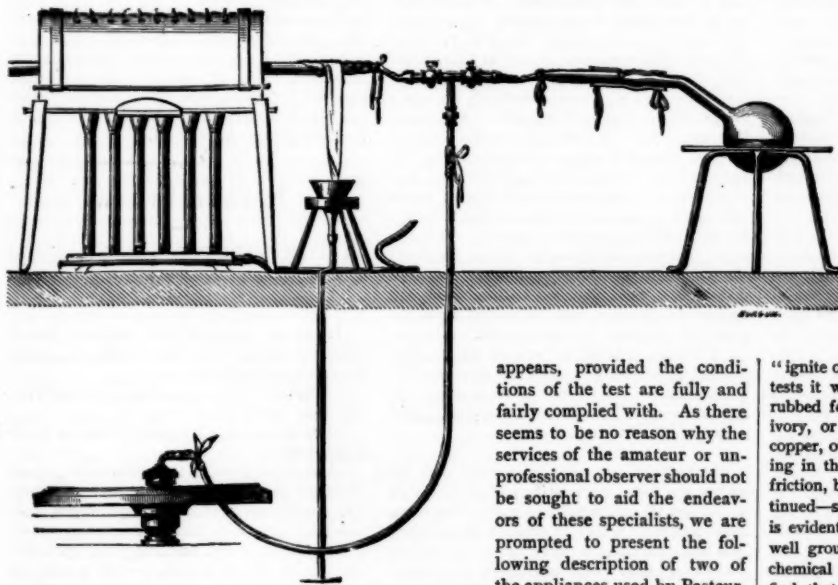
Before describing two of the forms of apparatus used by Pasteur, a word may be spoken as to the question at issue. The claims of the advocates of the theory may be briefly set forth as follows: If certain infusions of organic substances, such as hay, turnip-flesh, etc., be left to themselves, there will be generated within them, and not from previously existing germs, active organisms possessed of life. This the followers of Pasteur deny, and, in support of his case, Pasteur contrived the apparatus here illustrated. The purpose of this was to destroy all existing germs of life in the infusion or in the air surrounding it, and then to await the appearance of life. As a result of this course of experiment, it is claimed that no life ever

either side, we will call attention simply to the illustration and the methods by which these devices of Pasteur were operated: Our illustration, as its title indicates, is designed to secure above the organic infusion an atmosphere of calcined air—that is, of air which had been so highly heated as to destroy any germs that might be floating in it. At the left is a tubular gas-furnace in which rests a platinum tube, which is heated by the row of Bunsen burners beneath. This tube is connected with the flask containing the infusion in the manner shown. A stopcock being placed in the centre, which is connected by means of a rubber tube with an air-pump, the method of operating the device is as follows: The infusion in the flask is boiled any given time by means of a lamp placed under it, the vapor and air being driven out. When the lamp is withdrawn from the bulb and cooling begins, the air that is restored to it must come in through the heated tube at the left, and thus be deprived of its germs. Thus protected against the intrusion of outside life, it is claimed that the infusion will remain pure and untenanted.

The other apparatus referred to is the same contrivance, with certain modifications to regulate the temperature of the air that comes in contact with the infusion.

This is effected by a water or oil bath placed at the immediate left of the flask. In addition to this, we have a tube for drying the air or purifying it by chemical reagents.

While affording a striking example of the ingenuity and skill of these observers, the description of this apparatus may aid the amateur, as we have already suggested, in undertaking a like series of observations. For data and details of processes, reference is made to Bastian's memoirs on the subject, and to a recent paper on "Air-Germs and Spontaneous Generation," as published in *The Popular Science Monthly*, May, 1876.



M. Pasteur's Apparatus for the Introduction of Calcined Air Into Flasks containing Organic Infusions.

appears, provided the conditions of the test are fully and fairly complied with. As there seems to be no reason why the services of the amateur or unprofessional observer should not be sought to aid the endeavors of these specialists, we are prompted to present the following description of two of the appliances used by Pasteur. As it is not the purpose at present to review the claims of

THE introduction and use of the so-called safety-matches in the place of the common sulphur or parlor match suggest to a writer in *Nature* certain facts of interest relating to these improved fire-producers. The safety-match, it is claimed, cannot be caused to ignite unless it be scratched or rubbed upon a prepared surface, which surface accompanies or forms a part of the box in which the matches are sold. It appears that certain curious or critical observers have been induced to institute a series of experiments to test the truth of the warrant that they will "ignite only on the box." As a result of these tests it was discovered that, if the matches be rubbed for some time on either glass, ebonite, ivory, or the roughened surface of steel, zinc, copper, or marble, they will ignite. The lighting in these cases is credited to the heat due to friction, but, as the rubbing must be long continued—say, twelve long, sweeping strokes—it is evident that the claim of "safety-match" is well grounded. Referring to the history and chemical constitution of the safety-match, we find that its main novel feature is the use of amorphous or red phosphorus. After the property of this substance was determined it re-

mained for some time unused, awaiting the "happy thought" of a Swedish manufacturer. The difficulty to be overcome was as follows: When the red phosphorus is brought into contact with potassic chlorate a slight touch is sufficient to produce an explosion, in which the red phosphorus reassumes its ordinary condition. Many attempts were made to form a paste, and many accidents and some deaths occurred in consequence. Prizes and rewards were offered, by manufacturers and others for a safe paste, or for some means of using the red instead of the ordinary phosphorus, but without success; so that the patent for the manufacture of red phosphorus, which was secured by Mr. Albright, of Birmingham, in 1851, threatened to be of little value. The "happy thought" to which we have alluded was to make the consumer, instead of the manufacturer, bring these elements together. That is, instead of attempting to make a paste of the mixture with which to tip the sticks, and which would be extremely sensitive, and therefore dangerous, a paste for the match was made of one of these substances, while the other was laid on one of the flat sides of the box. Now, when the match is to be ignited, it has but to be drawn gently along the prepared surface, when combustion takes place, consequent upon chemical action and not friction. The introduction and use of this match may prove a greater boon than might at first appear, since there can be no question that the friction-match is incendiary in character, and hence dangerous. In the mean time the patience of the modern mortal will be put to the test in many ways, as witness the case of the fisherman or hunter who unwittingly fills his pocket-safe with these new matches only to find, when miles away from any habitation, that he must eat a cold dinner, since he has no prepared surface on which to scratch his match, or, what is still more grievous, that his pipe must go unlighted, all for the want of a sheet of chlorate-of-potash paper.

SEVERAL weeks since the country was startled by the bold announcement made through the regular "press dispatches" that a certain district in the State of Kentucky had been visited by a "shower of flesh." While awaiting definite information the air was full of theories, wise and otherwise, regarding this latest Western wonder. As it is possible that some of our readers are yet in the dark as to the true nature of this phenomenon, we are prompted to extract at some length from a recent communication on the subject furnished to the *Sanitarian* by Leopold Bruadeis, of Brooklyn. From this writer we hear that the so-called "flesh" was actually of vegetable origin; nor is its appearance without precedent, since it is identical with the "noscot" discovered and named by Paracelsus in 1537. "This noscot," the writer informs us, "belongs to the confervæ, and consists of translucent, gelatinous bodies joined together by thread-like tubes or seed-bearers. There are about fifty species of this singular plant classified; two or three kinds have even been found in a fossil state. Like other confervæ, the noscot propagates by self-division as well as by seeds or spores. When these spores work their way out of the gelatinous envelope, they may be wafted by the winds here and there, and they may be carried great distances. Wherever they may fall, and find congenial soil, viz., dampness or recent rain, they will thrive and spread very rapidly, and many cases are recorded where they have covered miles of ground in a very few hours with long strings of 'noscot.' On account of this rapidity of growth, people almost everywhere faithfully believe the noscot to fall from the clouds, and ascribe to it many mysterious virtues. The plant is not confined to any special

locality or to any climate; sown by the whirlwind, carried by a current of air, in need of moisture only for existence and support, it thrives everywhere. Icebergs afloat amid-ocean have been found covered with it. In New Zealand it is found in large masses of quaking jelly, several feet in circumference, and covering miles of damp soil; and in our own country it may be found in damp woods, on meadows, and on marshy or even gravelly bottom." In China the noscot is highly valued as a food, and constitutes one of the essential ingredients of the edible birds'-nests. It varies in color—that which was found in Kentucky having a flesh-like tint; this feature, coupled with the sudden appearance, and the eagerness with which it was eaten by all animals, gave rise to the first announcement that it was veritable flesh. The flavor is said to resemble that of frog or chicken legs. These showers are not rare, and are in harmony with natural laws. In the East Indies we are told the "noscot" is used as an application in ulcers and scrofulous diseases.

"A LITTLE nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." So runs the proverb, and if the following squib from the *Detroit Post* be claimed as more than nonsense—since it is certainly founded on fact—it yet will serve the same purpose in giving a relish to what would otherwise rank as a rather prosy "science note." If our readers will refer to the *JOURNAL* for January 29th, they will there find a tabulated list of the astronomical discoveries of the former year. Included in this list are the names of the several new planets or asteroids, with those of their discoverers. The frequent repetition of the names Peters and Watson on this list has, it seems, attracted the attention of the Western editor, who, in announcing a fresh discovery for the Western astronomer, gives the following graphic description of the star-hunter's methods, and the results of his latest raid into space: "Professor Watson, of the Michigan University, and Professor Peters, of Hamilton College, have not yet finished their great planet-shooting match, in which they are engaged for the belt (Orion's) and the championship of the globe. They challenge the world to compete. We do not know exactly how the score stands at present; but, as a matter of State pride, we are bound to say that it has ceased to be an affair of skill with Professor Watson. His reputation is now so wide-spread that, when any skulking planet sees his telescope pointed toward it, it knocks under at once, like Captain Scott's coon, and remarks: 'Don't look; I'll come down.' His latest success was achieved when he was out hunting on Monday night. He had treed the 'varmint' the night previous, but, partly because it sneaked in behind some clouds and partly on account of the professor's respect for the Sabbath, he did not capture it. The next night, however, was favorable, and he discovered the 'critter' in the constellation Virgo, and came up with it at right ascension thirteen hours and twenty-nine minutes, and declination eleven degrees and forty-seven minutes south. When he fairly covered it, its motion was one minute daily in right ascension, and north two minutes daily in declination. It proved to be a pretty fair specimen—one of the eleventh magnitude, from muzzle to tip of the tail."

ALTHOUGH sympathizing heartily with the efforts now being made in the city of New York to prevent the adulteration of milk, there seems good reason for calling in question the accuracy, and hence the value, of the lactometer as a means for testing milk. This instrument is, in fact, a hydrometer, so constructed that it shall indicate the specific gravity of the milk, from which data it is proposed to judge of its purity. Chemists

and others who have occasion to use the hydrometer or specific-gravity bulb are aware, however, how great must be the care taken to secure the proper temperature for the liquid to be tested, since slight variations in this particular are likely to produce very marked differences in the gravity-scale. It having happened that a New York milk-dealer, whose milk had been condemned, entered a legal protest against the action of the Board of Health, the question came before the courts, and also engaged the attention of the Medico-Legal Society. This latter body, justly regarding the dispute as one of importance, appointed a committee to investigate and report on the value of the lactometer as a gauge of the purity of milk. The report of this committee, the chairman of which was Professor Ogden Doremus, is before us, and is to the effect "that the lactometer, as a test to detect the adulteration or impurity of milk, is unreliable and practically useless, and that chemical science affords prompt, sure, and simple means at little expense by merely determining the quantity of water and butter." Then follows a long list of distinguished authorities, whose opinions are quoted to sustain the committee in their decision. Among these is Professor Chandler, the present President of the Board of Health, who is credited with stating that "the lactometer is a very unreliable guide, as skimming causes the milk to appear better, while watering exerts the opposite effect." Here is a case where there may be a possible disagreement among the doctors, the profit of which seems likely to be reaped by the milkmen. The contest, though at present a local one, involves questions of very general interest, and as such will be watched with special concern by physicians and parents whose patients and children are at the mercy of the milkman on whose "route" they happen to live.

THE machinery for the manufacture of wood-paper hangings has been so perfected that an inch of white-maple or other fine-grained wood can be slit so as to furnish two hundred thin leaves, having the surface and grain of the wood. These leaves are laid upon a paper backing, and thus constituted may be fastened to the wall the same as common wall-paper. A room thus furnished presents the appearance of a paneled apartment, since all the surface visible is that of the actual wood. Smoothed and polished with woods of a coarser or more open grain, the number of leaves or veneers to the inch is one hundred and twenty-five. The machine which produces these leaves is described as a marvel of mechanical ingenuity and skill.

Miscellanea.

A CONTRIBUTOR sends the subjoined account of a visit to the famous cattle-painter Verboeckhoven:

It was on our return from the battle-field of Waterloo that a Belgian friend said, on a sunny afternoon in September, 1875:

"Shall we visit our great sheep-painter before our eight o'clock dinner-party?"

"By all means," I replied, "if there is sufficient time."

And so we drove to the residence of perhaps the most celebrated of living Flemish artists. His house is in one of the principal streets of the beautiful city of Brussels. Alighting, we entered through a high and heavy iron gate, and, passing by a winding walk through a large and tastefully-arranged flower-garden containing many fine trees, we came to the residence, standing at a distance of about one hundred yards

from the street. Following a path leading along by the left side of the large and exceedingly handsome three-story house, we reached a door, on either side of which was a window perhaps fifteen by twenty feet, and were ushered into the studio. At an easel, sketching the outlines of one of his incomparable groups of sheep, sat the venerable artist, Eugène Verboeckhoven, now seventy-six years of age. Our glance on entering also took in huge statues of animals and human figures in plaster, the work of his own hands, and numerous canvases in various degrees of forwardness, with a few finished pictures on the walls of his large working-room, which was marvelously clean and orderly. On being presented, he gave us a hearty and cordial greeting, expressing in French his regret that he had never sufficiently mastered English to converse in that language.

Expressing surprise that he should be busy with his brush at so late an hour—it was then nearly six o'clock—Verboeckhoven said:

"The sun will soon set forever for me, and I must work while it is yet light."

"Are you usually engaged in your studio at so late an hour?"

"Yes," he replied; "I continue to paint from eight to ten hours each day, and am not aware that I ever worked more or with better results during the long period of nearly sixty years that I have been a painter. Come and see some of my work executed at different eras of my life, and judge for yourself if I am correct."

Passing across the broad hall by which we had entered, we were ushered by the artist into another apartment of the same size as his studio, and directly opposite to it. Here we saw some two hundred of his studies and pictures, handsomely framed, and perhaps half that number of small models of horses, cattle, sheep, and dogs. Near the centre of the room were two noble statues of a lion and lioness and a female figure, both the work of his own hands, like everything else which the apartment contained appertaining to art.

The most noticeable picture in the collection, deemed by the artist his *chef-d'œuvre*, and by him presented many years ago to one of his children, was a Flemish landscape with cattle and sheep, the largest work of that character ever painted by Verboeckhoven. A still larger canvas represented an equestrian the size of life, a portrait of a Belgian nobleman. Another noticeable picture was a fine copy of Rubens's celebrated portrait of himself, and near it a bust of the illustrious master, also executed by Verboeckhoven. The other paintings and studies were mostly characteristic works, the style of which is so familiar in this country, where his pictures are much admired and sought after. Upward of fourscore of his works are owned, he said, in the United States. Opening the drawers of a large black-walnut chest, he displayed to our admiring eyes some fifteen hundred sketches and studies, all neatly mounted and numbered, and all the work of this most industrious artist. Among them we were particularly pleased with a series of small figures of Highland ponies and black-faced sheep, drawn by Verboeckhoven during his visit a few years ago to Scotland.

He spoke with enthusiasm of our countryman Cooper, with whose works he was familiar through translations, and with whom he became acquainted when the novelist visited Europe. Several letters addressed to him by Cooper were apparently more highly prized than any of his other literary possessions. They were the last things, he said, that he would part with, and should be handed down as sacred heir-looms to his children's children. Having been told that we had just returned from Waterloo, he said he

was in Ghent at the time of the battle, and heard the French guns. He also remembered seeing the Russian army, including the Cossacks, pass through Brussels, *en route* to Paris, in 1814. Verboeckhoven expressed his regret that he had not, when younger, visited the New World, where he had so many friends, and said that he should contribute one or more pictures to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and, he hoped, add another to the many medals that he has received from England, France, Holland, and Belgium. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Commander of the Order of Leopold, and a member of other European orders.

As the venerable but still hale and hearty old man escorted us through his garden to the gate, we passed a beautiful group of his grandchildren, from one of whom the writer received a bouquet culled by the little fairy of seven, and who, like all Verboeckhoven's children and grandchildren, speaks English. And so we parted from the painter, who, since Landseer's death, has no peer in his own walk of art.

J. G. W.

THE prevalence of secret indulgence in pernicious drugs is discussed by the London *Daily News*:

One circumstance which should arrest any inclination to take this easy view is the insidious character of the taste for opiates and narcotics. A man goes on consuming opium for years, and nobody, not even his most intimate friend, notices or suspects the fact. If he visibly suffers from its effects, they are pretty sure to be set down kindly to some obscure malady, and, probably with perfect sincerity, the sufferer himself may take this view of his case. He is sure that his doctor does not understand his constitution; possibly he goes from one doctor to another in a restless search after unattainable health, and in pursuit of one who fathoms and sympathizes with his peculiar ailments. By-and-by he meets some physician who penetrates the real reason of all the years of illness, and who unmasks the secret habit responsible for everything. But unfortunately, in most cases before this revelation takes place, the appetite has become an irresistible craving, the will has become too feeble and flaccid to contend with the imperious passion, and the discovery generally comes too late to admit of moral reformation. A reference to the experience of our commissioners in British Burmah, where opium is much consumed, will illustrate the stealthy and insidious manner in which a taste for opiates creeps in. The shops where opium is sold are licensed, and formerly a certain fixed quantity of the drug was delivered from the treasury. So long as the number of license-holders and the quantity supplied were fixed, the apparent consumption was small. But the moment that these restrictions were removed, and that as much opium was supplied to the dealers as they wanted, the visible consumption increased amazingly. The inference drawn in Burmah—and it is an inference not merely local in its application—was, that it is quite possible for narcotics and opiates to be used in vast quantities, and yet that the fact should be very little known or suspected by those whose business it is to be cognizant of it. It is true that shrewd doctors who visit the wives of factory-hands know indeed what sort of drugs are used in large quantities in order to send the children to sleep while their mothers are in the mill. The busy chemist who dispenses for the poor knows how important a place morphia holds in his pharmacopœia. Persons who have been brought into contact with those untrained nurses whom Miss Nightingale

wishes to replace by an educated class are well aware that their chief remedy and specific, always excepting alcohol, consists of morphia in some favorite form. Sometimes a dim notion of these facts breaks in upon the general public from evidence given at the coroner's inquest, or from medical disclosures such as those made a few years ago in the report of the medical officer of the Privy Council, with respect to the prevalent use of narcotics in the manufacturing districts. But we take it that most people are not brought much into close contact with these ugly facts lying in the background of life. As a rule, we give our neighbors credit for being honestly ailing, even when in reality they may be suffering from slow morphia-poisoning. We sympathize with the mother of half a dozen sickly children; and we rarely suspect that their maladies may be the outcome of her rash and criminal use of these drugs. Dr. Johnson said, in his haste, that every sick man was a rascal. Posterity has hesitated to indorse a maxim for which, it is to be presumed, something can be said. But assuredly many of us would see far more in the surly moralist's saying than the mere wantonness of paradox if it were suspected that not a few of the diseases which now win most sympathy and condolence were the effect of narcotics; if it were thought that many forms of hypochondria and depression and nervous maladies were produced or aggravated by secret indulgence in pernicious drugs; and if, in short, it were generally imagined that a great many of the more subtle ailments of life which are the objects of commiseration were to be ascribed to the use of narcotics of any sort.

THE *Saturday Review* makes "Furniture" a topic for a few characteristic growls:

It appears probable that a few years hence we may see a strong reaction of taste in favor of extreme simplicity which will influence both dress and furniture. Materials will naturally be more costly and magnificent, but these qualities will no longer be found in mere trimmings. So many people have been bitten with the present madness for decoration—people, for the most part, who have never paused to think what decoration is—that those who have innate good taste, or who have studied ornament on rational grounds, will presently flee in disgust to whitewashed walls and dimity curtains. Such sensitive spirits deserve sympathy. They have been sorely tried. The man cursed with natural or acquired taste walks through the valley of this world as through a place of torture and humiliation. His best feelings are made scourges wherewith to torment him. After preaching for years the mission of art in the regeneration of the uncivilized, he finds all his pet theories turned against him. He may love Japanese screens where any screens are required, but he might be roasted alive in a friend's drawing-room before he could get one for use. The walls are, so to speak, creeping with Japanese screens, but what cares he how Japanese they be if he has no ladder by him to fetch one down? Blue plates are very well adapted to feed from, and may look very well in the china-closet. But, hung on wires in formal rows, they become monotonous. When ladies washed up their own china after a "dish of tea," as they replaced it carefully in a corner cupboard or on a miniature dresser, it was quite right that such articles of convenience should be as handsome as the porcelain itself. But when ladies no longer tend their own tea-things, it is ridiculous to see sets of cups and saucers ranged on shelves in the drawing-room with a teapot or two in the middle, none of them ever intended for the unhallowed uses of every-day life. Why should slop-basins be studded over the room as thick as

spittoons in a bar-parlor? They are matter in the wrong place. A pat of butter is none the better for a splendid device on its unctuous surface. Perhaps our lumps of coal will soon be sent up to the drawing-room carved and gilt for the burning. One longs to see ornament in its proper place. Candlesticks that hold no candles, flower-vases empty of roses, copper coal-scuttles of antique form on the tops of cabinets, beer-jugs filled only with dust, such are the contents of modern rooms. Greek tombs, Oriental pagodas, and curiosity-shops in Holborn, are ransacked to furnish our chambers, and while the shelves are covered with old Worcester and the mantel-piece groans under brzen chargers, our tea is served in Staffordshire stoneware set out on a Birmingham tray. This is turning domestic art upside down and inside out. Though handsomely-bound books form the best ornaments for the library-shelf, we seldom think of bestowing, even on what we read, any but the gaudy cloth of the modern publisher. Yet books can be arranged so as to form as harmonious a wainscoting as Indian matting, and are surely a more satisfactory investment than even old oak, while for the purposes of ordinary decoration there is nothing for a moment to be compared with natural flowers. It is in beautifying the things we use that the most lasting satisfaction is to be found, not in buying rows of gray-beard jugs or Italian medicine-jars.

We have, from a contributor, verses distinctly appropriate to the time, with the title of "The Universal Bell-Punch:"

The world is waxing evil;
'Tis time that we kept vigil
O'er the hydra-headed monster who defies us in
his lair;
When a bell-punch universal
Is our safest reimbursal,
With which, on tickets, forms, and contracts, all
must punch "with care."

Of Cabinet and Senate,
Those "rare and sterling" men, it
Might seem a thing impossible, their honor to
ensnare;
Ask the Cr dit Mobilier!
And let fished post-traders say,
Why they're helpless—if 'tis not for want of
contracts, punched "with care."

Nor does the evil dwindle;
For many a railroad swindle,
And the selling of appointments—in fact, "knock-
ing down the fare,"
Is practised by collectors,
Not yet "spotted" by inspectors,
Though their villainy is patent to the private
passenger.

O insurance and bank clerk,
Who, with underhanded work,
Are slyly altering figures for the eye of the cash-
ier,
Let right to wrong succeed,
Get a punch and with all speed
On your double-entry ledgers let the truth be
punched with care.

Stock-company and mine,
Which with empty glitter shine,
Tempting the widow and her child to sink their
all in shares—
Oh, for a bell-punch here!
To ring out loud and clear,
"We punch to ruin! ruin! ruin! all our stock-
holders!"

Gentle women, fair and sweet,
Think it nothing wrong to cheat

"Just a little," with the chances they are selling
at a fair,
For, really, 'tis so light
A trifle, in the sight
Of men and angels—that we do not need to—
"punch with care."

And have we come, alas!
To such a hopeless pass
That we can look dishonesty thus squarely in the
face?
Can lose all sense of shame,
Can e'en forget its name,
As we endure its presence—then invite—and then
embrace?

God forbid! and grant that soon
These evil times be gone;
And men no more use place and power their
pilfered gold to snare,
But, like a flame divine,
Honor shall brightly shine,
And TRUTH, magnetic truth, from man to man,
shall punch "with care."

FANNY BARROW.

Temple Bar has an article on Lord Palmerston, & *propos* of Mr. Ashley's life of the great statesman, which closes as follows:

He died prime-minister at the age of eighty-one, on the 18th of October, 1865. "The half-opened cabinet-box on his table and the unfinished letter on his desk testified that he was at his post to the last." And so he died—the last of a dynasty of great statesmen. A thorough Englishman, both in taste and temper, he made his countrymen proud of him, because he was proud of his country. He believed in England as the best and greatest country in the world. During his long administration of the Foreign Office, he steadily adhered to the principle of insisting, against all powers, great or small, on the rights of England. He did not believe in the modern doctrine of non-intervention or selfish isolation. He always vindicated the authority of the English name, and he believed that a

reputation for strength and spirit was necessary to a great nation. But he had no love for war, and for many years, in the midst of extraordinary difficulties, he preserved the peace of Europe. He hated tyranny, and he was the staunch champion of constitutionalism against despotism. Throughout Europe, with liberal sympathies, Palmerston identified England. He was no fanatic. He was a practical statesman. "He did what he could." He acted up to the best of his light at the time. There was an entire absence of claptrap in his speech and his conduct. He was intent only on saying the exact thing exactly; and it was this which made him the best of letter-writers. His letters have the unstudied freshness of "written talk," and they sparkle with a humor instinct with strong common-sense, and quite spontaneous. There was no desire or effort to be witty, yet he could catch and improve any passing humorous thoughts. He once, laughingly, quoted the authority of an eminent physician, that continuance in office, with the resulting employment, was good for the health. "Would not active opposition do as well?" "No, no; that stirs up the bile and causes acidity. Ask Disraeli if it does not."

He was a generous landlord, and few of his letters are more interesting than the accounts he sends of his plantations at Broadlands, of the Methodist gardener whose preaching he intends if possible to stop, and of his improvements of his estate at Sligo. From the latter he got but little profit. He said, one day, that he had a thousand tenants who paid under five pounds each. "But do they pay?" "Not always: they pay when they can—when they sell the pig."

Lord Palmerston was brave, intrepid, and honorable; no stain of baseness ever soiled his reputation. The manner in which he comported himself to Lord John Russell reflects the magnanimity of the English statesman, the moderation of the English gentleman. "If," he writes, "Russell's man be a good and proper man, I should wish to appoint him, because you know Russell once treated me in a very rough way, and I desire to show that I have quite forgotten it."

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